

# Mexican Life

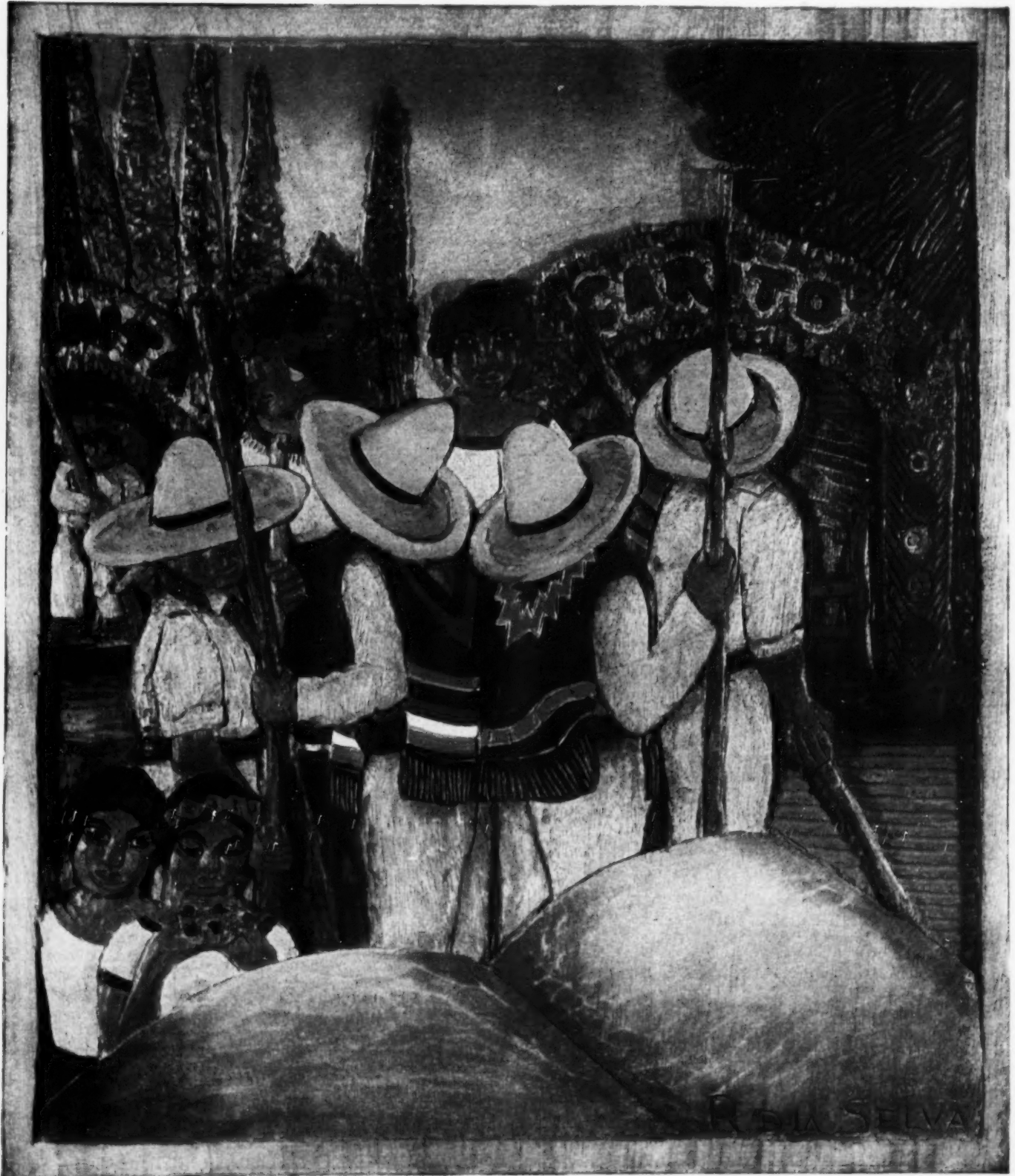
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APRIL, 1953

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## Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

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APRIL, 1953

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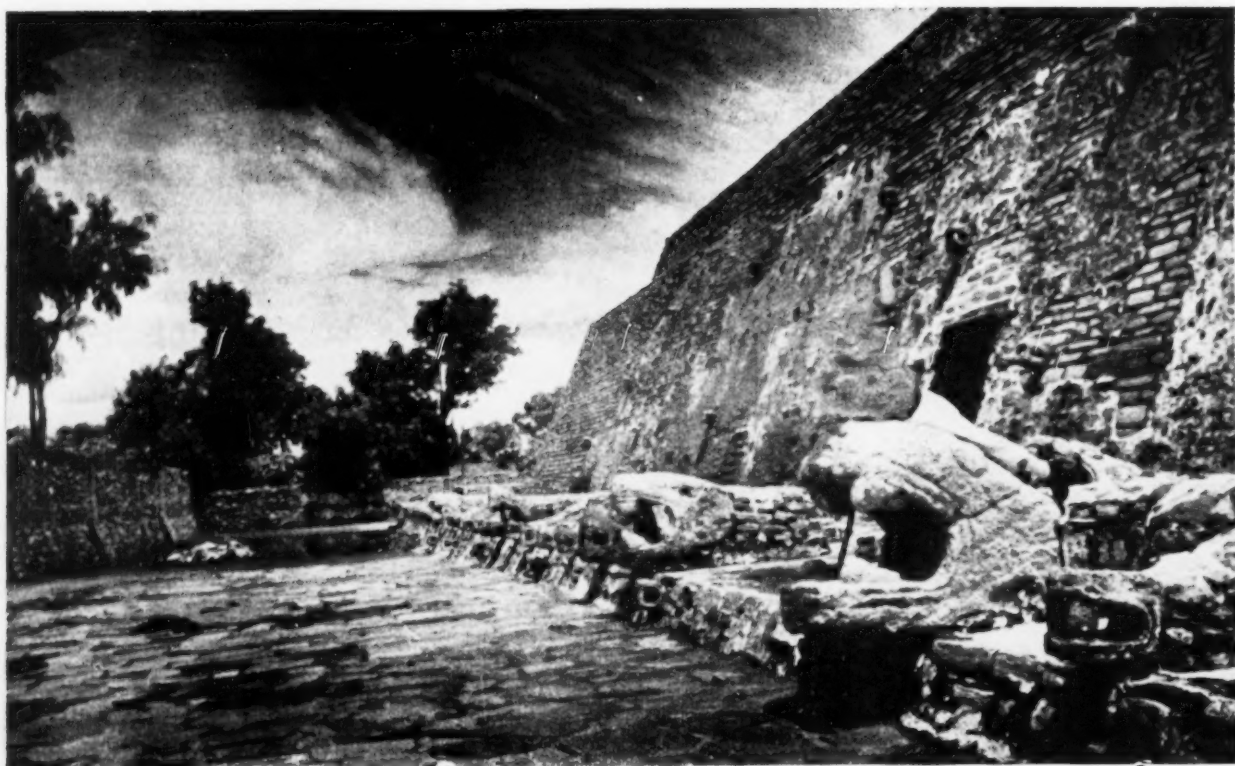
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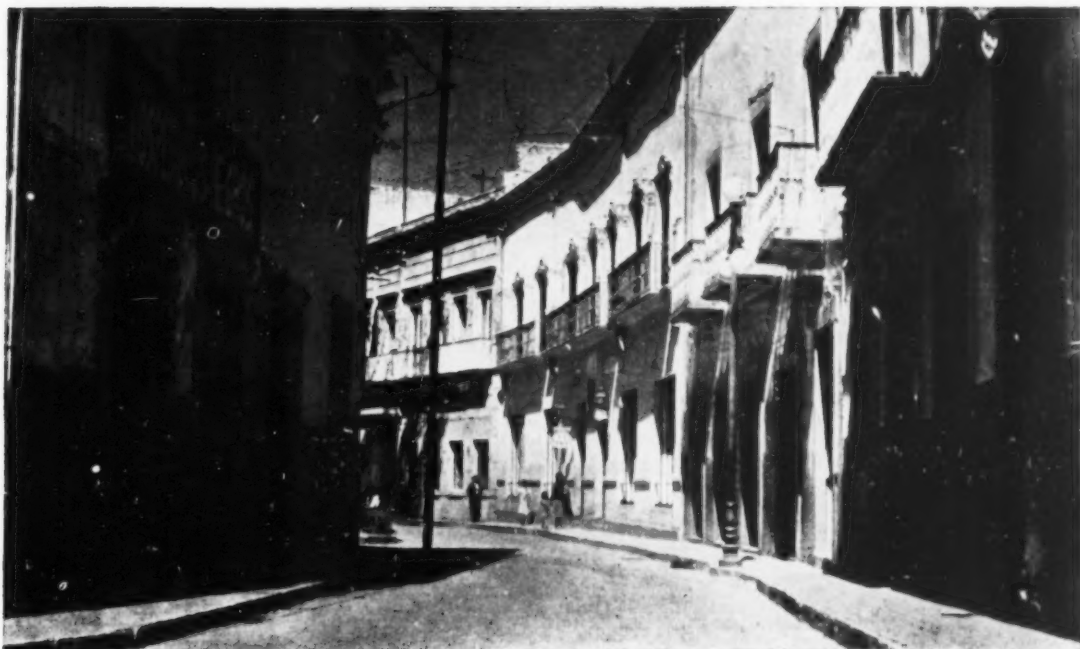
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

## Economic Prospects

**I**N MEXICO'S economic annals the year 1952 defines a significant turning point, in so far as the trend of price inflation which began in 1939 reached in the course of that year its peak, came to a halt, and turned to the initial phase of what might be a gradual future deflation. The Mexican peso, whose purchasing value has declined since 1939 to an approximate eighteen centavos, has, in fact, regained 1.4 percent during the past year, and present conditions indicate that it will continue gaining in the foreseeable future.

This forecast is based on the fact that supply is catching up with demand, that increased production is eliminating scarcity and beginning to lower the level of prices. The current trend is clearly revealed in the volume of money in public circulation, which during the past eleven years, owing to the rise in prices, has constantly tended to increase. This increase, amounting to 135 percent in 1951, represented only 3.4 percent in 1952.

The gross national income for 1952, officially estimated at fifty-one billion three hundred and fifty million pesos, represents an 11.3 percent increase over that of the previous year. The rise in production, reflected in that of the national income, beginning with agriculture which enjoyed a nominal increment of 3 percent, extends over the entire field of productive endeavour.

Mining, Mexico's oldest industry, achieved the most notable progress during the year, its production representing a value of two billion seven hundred million pesos, as compared with one billion three hundred and twenty-three million in 1948. The production of lead increased in 1952 by 7.8 percent, of zinc by 29 percent, of gold by 20 percent, and of silver by 16 percent.

Petroleum production was enlarged from a daily volume 229 thousand barrels in 1951 to 240 thousand in 1952. With the new and rich oil-bearing fields discovered during the year this industry could have enjoyed a much greater increase in yield if it could encounter a more ample export outlet for its surplus production. Unfortunately, the world petroleum market does not provide at this time such an outlet.

In the industrial field, the production of iron and steel was elevated by 17.6 percent, though even this important addition did not suffice to meet the demand of the expanding local market. Our metallurgical industry is at present farther enlarging its production

volume, in order to cope with the rapidly increasing national demand. Iron and steel are the basic materials upon which Mexico is achieving its industrialization, and with the country's ample reserves of iron ore and mineral coal, it faces no problem in augmenting its production of heavy metals.

Production of electrical power, another basic factor in industrial development, was increased during the last year by 5 percent, which brings up the national kilowatt total to double of what it was in 1944. Railway freight shipments increased by 8.1 percent.

In Mexico's economic panorama the year 1952 brought about another significant turning point, and that is the sharp reduction in the margin of its unfavorable trade balance. The year's balance—including international trade and dollar income from the tourist traffic—gave Mexico a favorable margin of four million six hundred thousand pesos, in contrast with the deficit of nine hundred and ninety-two million pesos it suffered in 1951. The unfavorable trade balance was reduced from two billion seven hundred and thirty-five million pesos in 1951 to a billion nine hundred and twenty-six million pesos in 1952. The tourist dollar income increased last year by 10.3 percent, amounting to a billion five hundred and seventy-four million pesos.

It must be pointed out that the unfavorable balance in Mexico's foreign trade largely represents purchases of industrial equipment and materials, and must be therefore regarded as a profitable investment rather than an expenditure, as an investment which tends toward greater production in the future.

Contradicting this general economic improvement, capital investment in new or expanded enterprise, which in 1951 amounted to 18.2 percent, declined last year to 14.1 percent. While this decline might be symptomatic of a transition period from inflation to stabilization, it must be mainly attributed to psychological causes, to a feeling of uncertainty stemming from Presidential elections and a change of government.

It is safe, however, to predict that the constructive policy pursued by the new administration will soon restore confidence and that normal economic pressure will bring up capital investment to the high average it attained during the preceding years of accelerated industrialization.

Economically 1952 was a good year in Mexico, and there is every reason to believe that the present year should be just as good if not better.

# Cleansers

By Sylvia Martin

**W**ITH medieval pageantry and miracle-working saints, the Catholic church fills almost every moment of the Mexican's life. From his birth to his death, the bells of the religious palaces built by the Spaniards ring out the reassurance that the great Indian Mother, the Virgin of Guadalupe, is interceding for him before Christ the Son and God the Father.

For the people this intercession is a form of magic. They wear the cross and the Guadalupe amulet as charms. With crudely painted retablos they offer thanks to the virgin or to saints of tried reputation for miraculous cures and escapes.

But there are other, lesser magics.

It was Filemona, my servant, who told me of the Houses of Cleansing. "Giving light" to her fifth child left her very tired. It frightened her because she had never been tired before. I knew nothing about it, however, until much later. "But it is all right now, Señora," she said. "I went to a House of Cleansing and was cured. This is a good religion. Although I am a Catholic I would go there for the services, but Mama Grande and Alberto forbid it."

There is a House of Cleansing at the bottom of my road, above the busy nixtamal mill. No sign or name plate marks it. It is a thing you hear about—like the medicine man, and like the brujos, or sorcerers who make love potions and slay your enemy with a spell.

Mounting the stone stairs beside the Molino de Nixtamal, I found myself on a long balcony overlooking the ravine. A number of the faithful, all women, sat on wooden benches waiting for the midday services to begin. The officiating Brothers surrounded me with a babel of introductions, and it took a little time to sort them out.

A man with gentle eyes was José Antonio Zamora, Keeper of the Temple. The nervously grimacing youth was Miguel Sandoval, an apprentice medium. Jacobo López, who looked like a clerk, was the Medium. And the fat man, Isaac Marín, was The Fundamental Stone, apparently the leader.

I thought that López looked familiar. Yes—in everyday life he was a bricklayer; I had probably seen him at work.

To enter the Temple, one had to be "cleansed."

The Medium moistened his hands with a thick, heavily perfumed liquid. A waiting woman rose from the bench and stepped forward. With half-closed eyes the Medium made gestures around her body as if drawing off invisible somethings and flicking them from his fingertips into the air. He stood for a moment with his fingers on her temples, muttering and swaying, then spread his arms over her, trembling in an intensity of exorcism. Suddenly he became Jacobo López wiping the sweat from his forehead. She was cleansed. Everyone had to go through the same ritual.

Continued on page 64



Pencil Drawing.

By Eberto Block.





Oil.

By Roy MacNicol.

## A Crab Collector's Tale

By John W. Hilton

**T**HE discovery was a simple enough matter. I was walking along the arroyo, below the ranch, one day when I noticed the shell of a small, reddish-brown crab lying on the bank. We were a long, long way from the sea. I picked up the shell and found that it had been eaten out, by some bird, but the mystery of how it got up into those mountains was a tough one.

A little farther on I found another shell on the bank. A couple of boys, who were swimming in a pool nearby, informed me that there were no such creatures in the arroyo, but that a long way up the canyon there was a spring where many of these crabs lived.

I engaged the boys as guides and, the next day set off to see what kind of a wild-goose chase they were going to lead me. I was still rather skeptical about crabs in a mountain spring, but one of the advantages of being a specialized collector is that one is much more likely to give credence to native stories that would sound impossible to an expert. This blind credence of mine has managed to bring to light a good many new species, in several branches of biology, which have delighted the hearts of the specialists, when I turned the specimens over for examination.

It wasn't more than three miles to the spring that the small boys had described as far away. I wondered, when they stopped and told me that this was the spot, and I wondered if they weren't just getting tired of walking and had picked on the first spring that they came to. They assured me that this was the one and only spring where the little crabs were to be found. I looked about and saw nothing but a few darting minnows and some lazy pollywogs.

"Turn over the stones," they advised.

I asked them to help, but they refused on the

ground that they had been hired only as guides, and not as collectors, and that the little crabs were "muy bravos" and pinched like the devil. I had turned over several stones before I found my first crab—a full-grown male and as full of fight as any creature, of any size, I have ever encountered. I finally subdued him, and popped him into a collecting jar which I had brought along as a gesture of faith.

A few more stones, and out crawled a female with a peculiarly slow gait. She was clumsy and easily caught. When I turned her over I got one of the thrills that sometimes come to a collector. There, tightly held under her tail, was a bundle of tiny crabs about the size of wood ticks, that kept squirming and occasionally spilling out on my hand. Here, I held a truly interesting bit of natural history. I got out my sketchbook and made a drawing. It was a good thing, for the mother became so excited in captivity that she allowed the little fellows to escape, and before I got home they had mostly been eaten by their cannibalistic male elders. I found several more of different sizes, and another adult female with a bundle of bright-yellow eggs under her tail. We kept them all alive in an improvised aquarium, and found out a lot of interesting things; including the facts that they are almost entirely nocturnal in their habits, and feed on insects which they capture by climbing about at night on the trees. I returned to the States with the entire brood alive, plus a set of preserved specimens; and held my breath when I took them to an expert on such matters, to see if they were an exciting discovery, or something well known to science.

My friend lost little time in assuring me that there were no fresh-water crabs known from anywhere near this area; and the life history was distinctly interesting. He did, however, set me right on the matter of fresh water crabs, by stating that he had col-

lected many different species in Mexico and Central America; and then followed with this yarn, which I feel well repays me for having brought him specimens:

He had heard of a little mountain lake where small fresh-water crabs were reported, and after a rather tough journey, had arrived at the little village on the shore, long after sundown. The only food proved to be in the village cantina, where several of the local *rancheros* were relaxing over cool beers, or fiery glasses of mescal. My friend ordered a beer and a bite to eat, from the old woman who made tacos in one end of the bar, and returned to introduce himself and inquire about crabs.

Yes, these gentlemen had noticed small crabs on the shore of the lake, but they were far too small to eat. They were sure that they would be out on the beach at night, as that seemed to be their feeding time. My friend hurried with his tacos and beer, and since his baggage had all been taken to the inn up the hill, he decided to go right to work with the materials at hand.

Bottles and jars are carefully saved and are used countless times, for many purposes in Mexican back country. There on the back bar were some wide-mouthed quart jars that had originally held pickled chilis. He bought one from the bartender, and emerged into the moonlight night. It was only a few steps to the shore of the lake, and to his great satisfaction dozens of little crabs were scuttling about. In no time at all he had filled the jar with a fine series, and returned to the cantina with his squirming prizes. He set the jar nonchalantly on the bar.

Never thinking how the proceedings looked he ordered a bottle of native mescal, opened the mouth of the jar and poured it carefully over the still squirming victims. The surprise of the bartender and his customers, if possible, exceeded that of the crabs themselves. The silence could have been cut with a knife, and my friend decided that here was a time and a place for fast thinking. He calmly screwed the lid back on the jar, and pushing it to one side, ordered drinks for the house.

\* \* \*

He realized before the drinks were half poured that this was not going to be enough by any means. The very air of the place reeked with curiosity, and possibly suspicion regarding his sanity. As he raised his drink in salute to the others, he suddenly knew in his heart that he could never tell this group of middle-class *rancheros* that he had come all this way to get a quart of crabs and carry them back to the States, where they would be dissected, catalogued, and pickled in separate bottles, and distributed to various other scientists; that they would peer at the specimens through microscopes, and write long and learned papers on the slight differences between these and others of the genus from some other equally unheard-of spot. Somehow there in the yellow glow of the coal-oil lamps, with all these questioning eyes upon him, he realized that the truth would not hold water. He must invent a story that would sound logical to this sort of crowd, and do it fast.

He had spent many a night on the trail, and along similar back-country bars, with just such men as these and the time listening to their tales had been well invested. When finally the oldest and obviously best-

educated man in the room asked the question that was on everyone's tongue, he was ready for him.

"*Caballeros, amigos,*" he began, "some tales are stranger than fiction, and sometimes one never is able to say that he either believes or disbelieves, but I have come a long distance to try to prove true or false the story of a wise old medicine man that I met while a very young traveler in the Sierras. This man it seems was over ninety years old, yet his reputation among the women was the talk of the neighborhood. He had been keeping four wives happy for years, and had only recently married a fifth, aged seventeen, who came out smiling and contented the morning after the marriage to add still more luster to his already unusual reputation.

"I lived in this village for some time and did several favors for my friend the medicine man. When I was about to leave, he called me into his hut and, after making sure that no one was within hearing distance, he told me that, since I was of another race and would probably never be around to upset the social balance of his community, he was going to impart to me the secret of his unwaning manhood.

"He stated that the secret had always been kept among a few medicine men as a special mark of superiority, and I must swear, by all that I held holy, never to divulge it to any of his or neighboring tribes.

"The formula was simple. 'Go to one of three remote lakes in the Sierras every fourteen years. There, in the light of the full moon, gather and pickle in mescal, a supply of the little crabs to be found on the shore. After they have remained in the mescal until the next full moon, eat one crab each morning before breakfast, for another moon. This should suffice to preserve superior manhood for another fourteen years.' I do not say, Señores, that the story is true. I only say that perhaps I believe; that I have come a long way to discover. I am sorry of this seems foolish in your sight. *Quien sabe!*"

He was met with protestations of belief on every side, and my friend felt he had carried off the matter very nicely. He was a bit worried however, when one by one, the gentlemen at the bar bought bottles and went out into the night to gather little crabs, pickling them very solemnly in mescal, and thanking him just as solemnly.

The whole thing seemed a good joke as he rode on over the Sierras to another lake, but he decided to collect his crabs a little more discreetly in the future. The crabs couldn't possibly hurt anyone and, if they were a disappointment, no one could be blamed but the unnamed Indian medicine man. All in all he considered it one of the most successful and amusing lies of his life.

"Put it backfired on me," he said as he sat at his desk turning over a bottle of my specimens. "About a year later I received a letter in very old-fashioned and flowery Spanish from the oldest gentleman in the crowd. He said he had gone to considerable trouble to find my burro driver and obtain my address so that he might write me this letter of thanks. He was a widower of seventy when I met him, and in his letter he stated that, after following my formula, he had wooed and won a girl of eighteen, and they were both very happy and expecting an addition in the family.

"And to think," sighed my friend, "I spoiled my entire supply with formaldehyde."



Oil.

By Margarita C. de Weihmann.

# Zihuatanejo

By Lowell Harmer

**I**F YOU live on the North American continent, the street in front of your house leads eventually to Zihuatanejo.

Zihuatanejo is a tiny little-known town on Mexico's Pacific Coast: a south seas island paradise on the mainland of the continent. Your door, your street and your car are the "open sesame."

I first heard of Zihuatanejo shortly after I arrived in Mexico in 1946 over a campfire near an ancient Spanish silver mine in the mountains of Guerrero. "What is the most beautiful place in Mexico?" Pete Warner repeated my question. The southerner who had lived all over the Republic for more than an average lifetime leaned back against the rock and after a while drawled slowly—"Zee-wa-ta-NAY-ho, of course."

As we sat by the fire, he painted such an idyllic picture that I determined to find for myself the magic of the little place. But it was two years before my jobs in the Mexican capital would enable me to take the necessary week.

I spent 25.65 pesos (\$2.96) to reserve a seat on the Los Galgos turismo to Acapulco. Turismos are a common, cheap and comfortable way to travel in Mexico. They are extra-large modern sedans with a jump seat between the front and back seats. They hold eight passengers and their skillful drivers know every curve of Mexico's mountainous roads by heart.

\* \* \*

We left the city early in the morning, climbed up out of the vast high valley and wound through the cool ocote forests to the summit and down to the

resort town of Cuernavaca. We went on through rice and sugar country and climbed up into another mountain range to picturesque Taxco where we stopped for lunch.

In the afternoon, the turismo threaded through the blazing heat of the stark Cañon de Zopilotes and through towns with ringing names like Zumpango and Chilpancingo. And, just after sundown we topped the last rise and looked down into the promise of Acapulco. The lights of a score of ultra-modern hotels ringed the fabulous bay and crowned the hills rising steeply from the famous port.

Next morning, I paid 8.30 pesos (\$.96) for a bus ticket to ride to San Luis over an increasingly bad road through the beautiful lagoon and coconut country of La Costa Grande past Coyuga, Atoyac and Tecpan. Another bus costing 1.25 pesos (\$.15) rocked us on through Papanoa to the Congo-like village of Coyuquillas where we arrived after nightfall. There, I caught a ride on a cargo truck through the jungle sounds of the night to Petatlán and late that night, exhausted, pulled into Zihuatanejo.

\* \* \*

The town was dark and asleep, but the gentle lapping of the waves of the sheltered bay was drowned in the yapping of a hundred dogs as the truck stopped at the Hotel Belmar. The proprietress arose and dressed with sleepy patience and led me out and around the corner to my room.

After she put fresh sheets, pillow and blanket on the cot-like bed everyone uses along the Costa Grande, she ran the pale beams of the flashlight around



the walls and ceiling; left me a candle and promised to call me at seven in the morning.

It was after ten when I awakened. I took my towel and soap and went into the patio under the flaming bougainvillea to the chest-high square concrete tank of clear water to fill a basin and wash up for breakfast and then went into the main part of the stuccoed one-story adobe building where the dining room was located.

Two pretty young Mexican girls made a procession of breakfast. They loaded the table with small thin steak, fried bananas and candied sweet potatoes. They brought in an ungarnished salad of raw sliced tomatoes and onions. There was bread and tortillas and a plate of scrambled eggs, prepared Mexican style with tiny pieces of onion, tomatoes and burning chiles. There was *café con leche*, hot and sweet.

When the proprietress, Señora Juana Serna y Resendez came in to talk I had relaxed in the air of informality. Four little pigs were "oinking" and browsing around the dining room. Several chickens sauntered in to a pay a call followed by a highly nervous and important rooster. "No," the Señora explained about the price. The ten pesos (\$1.15) was not for the breakfast but for the room and two other meals a day.

Breakfast done, she directed me to the house of the two *norteamericanos* whom she assured me would be "enchanted" to see me.

\* \* \*

I stood for a moment outside in the late morning peace. The sky burned with clear unbelievable Mexican blue and even the low white wavelets moved in lazily from the calm azure circle of the bay to splatter softly and crawl lapping over the sand. The hotel faced on the center of the half-mile crescent of clean sand beach where I saw some men working slowly and calmly on some inverted open boats and a man and his son luxuriating in the warm comfort of a morning swim.

A few small boats, fishing boats and trim little yachts moved gently farther out in the deeper bay. Gulls wheeled sleepily in the blazing sun. Behind the town the high shoulders of a mountain loomed in the bluish heat haze and low, rocky, scrub-covered hills were arms which ran out and embraced the perfection of the gentle bay. Far out along these hills, little sandy oaves nestled amidst their throngs of graceful coconut palm trees. A great fish suddenly splashed bright silver in the distant center of the bay.

To the right was the heart of the village: two more tiny hotel restaurants facing on the beach. All the houses and buildings were half hidden by the yellow tongued hibiscus and the red-purple tissues of the climbing bougainvillea. There was the expanse of the boat works with its beached derelicts and the bright skeletons of the new fish boats on the cradles. A wooden pier walked out over the water and a knot of men and boys moved about on it as incomprehensibly as ants.

The one bit of directed activity was the work of building the school: the pride of the town where men were moving surely to the "putt-putt-putt" of the cement mixer interrupted occasionally when an oxcart rumbled up to unload a cargo of stones.

\* \* \*

I followed the shady dirt road which led inland around the curves of the wandering lagoon, past the cornfields and at the turn I came to a gate, open-

ed it and walked along the path until I saw a girl sitting in the shade of the verandah of her palm-thatched choza.

"Hi," she shouted in a friendly way and came down the path to meet me. Then we were sitting in the cool shade and between questions and answers about things in the capital she was instructing me in the hospitable custom of drinking freshly opened coconuts.

"What a pity," she lamented, "Jim would have loved to have met you." Her husband, who had also attended Mexico City College before they came to the paradise on the bay where he was writing his novel, had taken off for Acapulco that morning in the jeep to get some supplies.

In spite of her modern clothing and her profound knowledge of slang, Jo Heltzel seemed strangely at home in the place. And, in spite of the busy life she had led in the bureau of a news-magazine in Mexico City, was strangely contented with the dreamy existence of the place.

Finding Zihuatanejo had been divine luck, she assured me. The port captain who lived down the hill had given them one of his little houses rent free. It was a comfortable place—its thatched palm roof held up by poles, the large main room where a gasoline lantern hung over a table which supported the typewriter and a huge pile of manuscript, the small kitchen lean-to on the back with its adobe stove and domed oven and the wide veranda which stretched across the front of the flower filled place.

Every morning a supply of fresh tropical fruits was dropped at the door by one of the men who worked in the captain's orchards. The Heltzels got most of their food in this fashion and "when Jim feels like fishing he wanders off with a spear or line for an hour or two," Jo said, "and returns with a big fish dinner."

Jo was a source of information about the village and as we sat talking leisurely about here and there, a flock of compact green parrots flew out of the lagoon with their fast choppy wing beat, screaming gutturally with excitement and an occasional villager passed slowly on the road below on burro or horseback.

Among other things she told me about the social life of the village which centered around the Casa Eugenia and after lunch at the hotel and a swim in the brilliant clear water gleaming here and there with schools of tropical fish, I found myself waiting for evening.

It came swiftly, dark following the golden haze of the sunset across the miles of water. After the light evening meal typical of tropical Mexico, I walked up the beach toward the Casa Eugenia. The stars were enormous in the velvet purple of the night. Orion rose like a huge plane over the eastern hills.

Tonight, as every night, the town had turned out. Jo was there, two young people from the United States on their honeymoon, Juan Wemberg and Gleen McDonald and his wife. McDonald, a friendly Arizonan in his fifties, who has been in and out of Mexico since he fought with Villa in the revolution, has established a shark liver business in Zihuatanejo.

Living is easy and good in Zihuatanejo and along the whole coast, McDonald said. Coconuts are the basic economy. "You just plant them and rest until the wind harvests them for you."

Five or six years after planting the palm trees begin to bear and outside of running a cultivator through the orchards every two months, the only work is picking the fallen nuts off the ground and drying them into copra.

McDonald said that each bearing tree is worth

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Photo.

By José A. Rodríguez.

# Colonial Painters and Sculptors

By Trent Elwood Sanford

**A** DISCUSSION of the late Colonial period in Mexican architecture can hardly be considered complete without some mention of the importance of both sculpture and painting as architectural adjuncts, a relationship, in fact, which had existed in New Spain from an early date, but which was especially emphasized when increasing wealth made possible an even greater richness of ornamentation in the form of architecture's most important allies. Unlike the meagerly decorated early architecture north of the Rio Grande, the monumental buildings of Mexico, and especially the churches and monasteries, included much of painting and sculpture as part of the architectural scheme.

In the early Colonial days the demands for embellishment were met from Spain, especially in the case of sculpture, many statues carved in wood being sent over from the mother country. Painting, however, was encouraged at an early date in Mexico, and, in the very earliest work, frescoes were extensively used for ornamentation of interior surfaces. Many of these were in monochrome. Black and white frescoes are not uncommonly seen on the walls of sixteenth-century churches and monasteries, some of them quite obviously copied from woodcuts which illustrated books brought over by the friars. In later mural decorations, however, great canvases painted with oil colors were more commonly employed, and, though framed in the conventional manner, they were designed to fit definite wall surfaces, hence were architectural in effect.

All during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries

the churches in Spain had been lavishly adorned with paintings and with richly decorated retablos and coros, so it was a naturally inherited love for such richness of decoration on the part of friars and priests that was responsible for the adornment, from an early date, of ecclesiastical structures in New Spain. The Church received one-tenth of all the wealth extracted from the mines, and much of this income was employed in the decoration of churches, beginning with the importation from Spain of many fine paintings and wood carvings, and continuing, as the artists of New Spain became more proficient, with vast sums spent on both paintings and sculptures done by native talent.

During the seventeenth century, as more and more Baroque structures were built, sculptured figures were extensively employed on church facades; and in the eighteenth century, as the Churrigueresque style grew in popularity, architectural sculpture was increasingly used. The disposition of sculpture on such facades has already been discussed. It was employed for its effect as a definite part of the decorative surface as a whole, the result being a profuse array of figures so blending in with other carvings that they are but inseparable parts of a richly ornamental scheme.

Taken alone, most such sculptured figures will not stand critical analysis. The figures lack individuality; they fit their spaces and stand well, but their attitudes are monotonous and without animation, their draperies formal. It is only the work of occasional

individual artists that furnish exceptions to this rule. The stone relief on the portal of the old Church of San Agustín in Mexico City (now the National Library) is an example of such exceptional work, and so are the sculptures on the facades of the cathedrals of Oaxaca and of Zacatecas. This same criticism applies to most of the polychrome figures in wood which help to complete the bewildering masses of carving on the retablos so abundant in church interiors. The colors of the draperies, however, combine well with the masses of gold, complementing a scheme of mass and color intended to be considered as a whole.

In much of the later work in interiors, the effect was enhanced by placing oil paintings, of various sizes, in richly carved and gilded frames, to fit in with the general scheme, resulting in a combination of wood carving, sculpture, and oil painting seldom, if ever, exceeded for richness.

But even before the advent of the Churrigueresque, paintings definitely designed to fit given spaces had been employed for decorative purposes on church interiors, not only on altars, but throughout chancels, on wall spaces between windows, in chapels, and especially in sacristies. Walls of cloisters and corridors in the monasteries, too, were covered with paintings, to such an extent, in fact, that the amount of wall surface thus covered might well be computed by the acre! A tremendous amount of such work has been destroyed. The ruthless destruction of the great monasteries of San Francisco and La Profesa especially, both in the heart of Mexico City, did away with a wealth of fine old Colonial murals.

Beginning at an early date there grew up in Mexico the most extensive school of painting in the New World. There was little of indigenous art in it; it was quite definitely a Spanish school. The first Spanish painter of note to come to the New World was Rodrigo de Cifuentes, who was born in Cordova, Spain, in 1493. He arrived in Mexico about the same time as Fray Pedro de Gante and taught painting in the school established by that Flemish friar in connection with the great monastery of San Francisco in Mexico City. The painting of "The Baptism of Magiscatzin" in the old Church of San Francisco in Tlaxcala is attributed to him. (Magiscatzin was one of the four senators of the ancient Tlaxcalan republic to be baptized by Cortés's chaplain in 1520.) It is probable that he also did several portraits of Cortés from life; indeed, most of his work consisted of portraits; and, following his start, there was a period when oil paintings, for the most part undistinguished copies of European masters, were painted in colors which have faded badly. Consequently, little remains of the work in oil of the sixteenth century.

But from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the names of a number of prominent painters have been identified with paintings which still exist, most of them men who were influenced by the works of Spanish masters sent over to the New World. Many canvases by Ribera, Zurbarán, and Murillo, especially, were sent over from Spain, where they served as inspirations for the new school. Many Flemish paintings, also, had been sent over at an early date, due to the influence of the emperor, Charles V, who, up to the time of his death, retained a partiality for the land of his birth, and its contributions in the field of art.

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Toward the end of the sixteenth century the craze in Spain for Italian works, especially of the great Venetian School (used almost exclusively in the decoration of the Escorial), was responsible for sending

over to increasingly wealthy Mexico paintings by such masters as Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese, and for a time the height of ambition was to copy their work. But it was the work of Murillo in the following century that especially appealed to the Mexicans, and he, more than any other painter, had a profound influence on the Spanish School in Mexico.

This steady demand for paintings had spurred the native artists to increased effort and activity, and, by the beginning of the seventeenth century, signs of an accomplished Mexican School (or, rather, a Mexican branch of the Spanish School) had begun to be manifest.

Credit for having founded the Mexican School is generally given to Baltazar de Echave, called El Viejo (the elder) to distinguish him from his son Baltazar, El Mozo, the boy. Born in the Biscayan town of Zumaya, and a keen student of the Venetian School, he came to Mexico toward the end of the sixteenth century, where, with his diversity of style, his power of composition, his excellent drawing, and his handling of color, he was zealously imitated by both contemporaries and students. Sebastián Arteaga, who had studied in Italy, came over to Mexico about the same time, and shares, to some degree, with Echave the Elder the honor of having founded the Mexican School, though his job as a notary of the Inquisition left him little time for the practice of his art. Luis Juárez, the only other contemporary of importance, was a native of Mexico whose work was greatly influenced by that of Echave the Elder, though it was more realistic in style. Works of all three of these early painters can now be seen in the San Carlos Academy in Mexico City.

Among the next generation of painters, the names of José Juárez and of Baltazar de Echave, El Mozo, stand out conspicuously. Both were pupils of the elder Echave. José Juárez was a tireless worker who was active for a long period until almost the close of the seventeenth century. A skillful draftsman, his best work, even more realistic than that of his father, has often been confused with that of the master under whom he studied. The younger Echave, born in Mexico in 1632, tried rather vainly to measure up to his father's stature, for he lacked the imagination and skill of the elder. Flemish influence quite obviously apparent in his work, he is probably best known for his decorations in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Puebla, "The Triumph of Religion," both transcripts from Rubens.

In the meantime, in 1640, there had come to Puebla from Spain, along with the celebrated Bishop Palafox, the eminent artist, Pedro García Ferrer, who was both architect and painter. In addition to designing the dome of the cathedral there and carving the high altar (since destroyed), he painted six large pictures for the altar of the Capilla de los Reyes. These are probably the only paintings he did in Mexico, for he returned to Spain to become master of works of the Cathedral of Toledo, the position held more than a century earlier by the versatile Flemish architect Enrique de Egas.

It was not long afterward that Cristóbal de Villalpando and Juan Correa collaborated to produce the six enormous paintings that decorate the walls of the sacristy of the Mexico City cathedral. Villalpando did "The Triumph of the Sacrament," "The Apocalypse," and "The Glory of Saint Michael"; while Correa painted "The Assumption of the Virgin," "Entry into Jerusalem," and "The Allegory of the Church." The latter is also responsible for the large painting at the head of the choir in the same cathedral, a scene from the Apocalypse. To leave grandiose works to posterity seems to have been the



aim of these collaborators. In the decoration of the dome and pendentives of the Capilla de los Reyes in the Cathedral of Puebla the work of Villalpando shows a light and atmospheric touch. Other works of Villalpando are to be found in the Sacristy of the Carmelite Church of San Angelo Mártir at San Angel (Villa Obregón) and in the lunettes of the cloisters of the former Jesuit seminary at Tepotzotlán, the latter series richly luminous in coloring.

Working at about the same time were two grandsons of José Juárez, Juan Rodríguez Juárez and Nicolás Rodríguez Juárez. The former (1676-1728) is noted for the series of twenty paintings he did for the great altar of the Capilla de los Reyes in the Cathedral of Mexico City. The central canvas, "The Adoration of the Kings," is regarded as his masterpiece.

Contemporaneous with this group was a figure peculiarly outstanding in the history of Colonial culture in Mexico, a woman, Juana Inés de la Cruz, who painted several ecclesiastical pictures of note, although few remain as monuments of her ability and versatility. She was born in 1651 in the little village of Ne-pantla, on the road between Amecameca and Cuautla. Living in an age when, and under conditions where, there was little scope for free intelligence along literary lines, she was even better known as a poet. Rising above any contemporaries, male or female, she became famous, while still a girl, for her extraordinary learning. Unfortunately freedom of thought, especially on the part of women, was then so thoroughly discouraged that she later retired into a convent, where she spent the rest of her years complaining of the inferiority to which women were condemned. She was probably the most remarkable woman the country ever produced.

Juan Correa, though a prolific painter in his own right, is probably best known as having been the master of the two outstanding figures in Colonial painting in Mexico, José María Ibarra and Miguel Cabrera. In their time, not long after Murillo's death, the work of that great Spanish painter of Madonnas was looked upon with even greater favor than during his lifetime, and it was the ambition of many painters in Mexico to emulate him.

José Ibarra (1688-1756) was unquestionably a disciple of that Spanish master and has even been called "the Murillo of New Spain." He was a clever colorist and a prolific painter. His first works were frankly imitations of the great Spanish master; but he later developed an originality and execution which were to place him among the leaders of his time. A number of his paintings hang in the San Carlos Academy in Mexico City; and outstanding among his murals in situ are the four large paintings on the wall of the coro in the Cathedral of Puebla, illustrating scenes in the life of the Virgin.

Even more brilliant, and more prolific, was Miguel Cabrera. A Zapotec Indian, born in the city of Oaxaca in 1695, he achieved a popularity beyond that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries. His work was always in demand. Although he also painted many small bits on wood and on copper, he achieved his greatest fame in large mural decorations, which he filled with a light and easy touch. A prodigious worker, and most prolific of Colonial painters, he is responsible for having done many murals in churches all over the country up to the time of his death in 1768. Some of his finest works, a series of paintings representing scenes in the life of Santo Domingo, were ruined when the monastery of the Church of Santo Domingo in Mexico City was torn down. But there still remain examples of murals from his hand in many churches scattered over the cities of

the Mexican plateau. Those in the great parochial church of Taxco are typical of his style. So great was his fame, in fact, and so widespread the recognition of his productiveness, that it is to his brush that most worthy but unknown paintings of the Colonial period are still credited.

It was excessive production that was probably responsible for the chief weaknesses of the work of both Cabrera and Ibarra, for their later murals betray execution which was superficial and handling of color reduced to monotonous formulae. Though Murillo was their inspiration, the spirit of the work of the great Spanish master became lost to conventions of composition and color, which were repeated monotonously. Faces were always rose-colored, draperies were always red and blue, and backgrounds were always pale yellow or gray. In the case of Cabrera especially (and his many unknown pupils), the demand for murals had made such painting a business of mass production. The quantity of it is almost unbelievable. Listening to guides conducting parties through the churches of Mexico, one hears the name of Cabrera droned with almost the same monotonous regularity as that of Ribera among the chateaux of the Loire.

Pseudo-Murillo mass production continued in the work of José Alcibarr, a pupil of Ibarra who painted the "Last Supper" in the Claveria of the Mexico City Cathedral, and that of Francisco Antonio Vallejo, who painted the largest murals since the days of Villalpando and Correa. These include "The Holy Family Accompanied by Angels" and the "Pentecost" in the former sacristy of the College of San Ildefonso (now the National Preparatory School), and an "Assumption of the Virgin" and an "Apocalypse" in the Church of La Enseñanza. Both artists later became professors at the San Carlos Academy on its inauguration in 1781, an inauguration which heralded the death of art in New Spain, its burial to be consummated by the War of Independence, and its resurrection to be postponed for a hundred years.

The only painter of note to rise above the regimentation brought about by the establishment of the Academy was Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras, who because of his extraordinary versatility holds a peculiar place in the history of art in Mexico.

Unlike that of painting, the field of sculpture produced no names which stand out prominently from among the early generations of the Colonial period, and very few even at the time of the height of the Churrigueresque, most of the sculpture having been done by artists working in very close collaboration with, or under the direction of, the architects.

Following the exuberant Churrigueresque period, and accompanying the furious devastation which succeeded it, sculpture suffered a rapid decline—a toboggan slide, in fact, into degradation—and figures designed to stand alone were provided with wigs of natural hair and complete changes of costume, in which their ugly forms were draped. The figures themselves stood in unnatural poses, with contortions and gestures that often more than bordered on the ludicrous, serving as examples of the depths to which the most classical of the arts can fall, in a period of debased taste.

The first reaction against this degeneration of taste came in Puebla on the part of a small group of sculptors known as "the three Coras"—José Villegas de Cora, Zacarías de Cora, and José Villegas, who also took the name of Cora as an honorary title. José Villegas de Cora, called the maestro grande, was the

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# Patterns of an Old City

## POSTSCRIPT ON A MIGHTY LITTLE MAN

By Howard S. Phillips

I HAVE lost track of many people I knew years ago. Some have died; some have gone away, and some have vanished without leaving a trace behind them, have disappeared in the onrushing growth of the city, have been submerged in the tide, have been swallowed in the multiplication of buildings, streets and people; they have grown away from me, as the city itself has grown away from me, or have been simply removed by the multifarious course of existence, by the diverse and separate ways the exigencies of life have chosen for us all.

I have lost track of many people; but over a period of quite a few years I have never fully lost track of Gerardo Ceballos. But then he was, of course, the type of man whom you could never fully lose from sight, the type of person for whom limelight—or I should rather say notoriety—is a normal habitat. You probably had no personal dealings with him, and actually preferred to avoid such dealings, you probably no longer knew him; but you could not help knowing of him. For Ceballos had never been submerged in the tide. He grew up with the city, kept, so to speak, pace with it; enlarged his position in proportion with this growth; achieved a place for himself—a quite unique and precarious and perhaps a somewhat sinister and ignoble place, though undoubtedly a place among the mighty.

Whenever I think of him now the image which emerges in my memory is that of a swarthy little man riding through a downtown street in a big and costly automobile driven by a hardfaced chauffeur. It is not, however, my initial or final image of him, for he was not traveling in a costly automobile when I last saw him, shortly before his sudden and premature death, nor when I first knew him many years ago. It was in my own newspaper days, and he was then a young and very able reporter on a local daily paper. A wiry, dynamic little man with a soft voice and an extremely mobile face, he impressed you even then as being superior to his job, as the kind of man who can never accept the security he might have as definite fulfillment, who does not allow himself to settle in a rut, who regards any position he might hold as a provisional stepping stone to something better.

He was the kind of man you are likely to find on the staff of almost any paper—the kind who drive editors to despair, who are both highly valuable and extremely troublesome—who are clever and capable, and yet being too intelligent for their task are difficult to manage or get along with. Willful, audacious, chafing under any discipline, Ceballos, or Ceballitos, as he was commonly called by his associates, was liked, admired, and probably even envied by them, for he was neither cocky or pompous as men of small stature are some times likely to be, and yet he palpably bore an air of superiority, a quite consistent and pardonable air, for it rested on valid accomplishment.

He was married then to a hefty, big-bosomed woman, half a head taller than he. He had obviously married quite young, for they had several children, and though little was known about his personal life it was rumored that he was mercilessly henpecked. This, however, was probably not entirely true, for beyond the peccadillos pertaining to the somewhat hectic newspaper routine he seemed, with all his overflowing energy, a quite stable, abstemious and home-loving paterfamilias, a man who is determined to get on in the world impelled not only by personal ambition

but mainly as an obligation to those who depend upon him.

It is possible that had it not been for his excessive nervous energy, an uncontrollable innate driving force, he would have with time, as so many newspapermen do, become a steady plodder, settle down in his routine and acquiesce to whatever rewards it might vouchsafe. But being constituted the way he was, I could readily understand why he often moved from job to job and finally decided to forego the safety of a reporter's calling and face the hazards of politics. Even in this, however, he sought at the outset to minimize the inherent risks. His reputation and suitable connections enabled him to obtain a position in the press department of a leading political party, and to rapidly work himself up to the top as its chief. He became highly skillful at composing campaign propaganda, stirring manifestos, stormy protests, sober and persuasive editorials. He evolved a style that was direct and honest, a simple yet provocative style that was neither too low or too high to reach the average mind, that overcame indifference and inspired following. He had the gift to present the essence of an issue and to imbue it with momentous significance, and without smear or slur, by way of mordant wit and subtle irony to reduce an opponent's issue to drivel-ing insignificance.

But brilliant pamphleteering was not his final goal. It was merely a stepping stone, and presently he was expending his talents not only to promote other aspirants to public office but to secure a tangible political standing for himself. Making sure of proper backing he eventually launched his own candidacy as Deputy of the Congress—the bottom of the ladder for any man who sets his eyes on a political career—and was duly elected.

Though I was practically out of touch with him by then, as I recall it now he never achieved a place of veritable distinction in the Chamber of Deputies, which was probably due to the fact that though a brilliant writer he was a rather poor speaker, and might have been further handicapped by his rather unimpressive appearance. Moreover, despite his cleverness, or because of sincere convictions—for I am sure that he faced his task and responsibilities with honesty, courage and idealism—he was maladroit politically, for he achieved the wrong kind of conspicuousness through insurgence, by perversely aligning himself with opposing ineffectual minorities. On the other hand, this nonconformance was probably the result of personal frustration, of his awareness that even had he chosen conformance it would have not brought him success.

At any rate when his term expired, probably becoming convinced that the true outlet for his talents was at a desk and not on a platform, he withdrew from politics and returned to newspaper work, although not as a mere reporter but as an editor of an afternoon paper. The publication, hitherto maintaining a conservative editorial policy and relying for its circulation largely on bold headlines and lurid local news, under his direction soon acquired a perilous controversial angle, a splenetic attitude of political dissension, which in due course set him at odds with the owners.

Compelled to give up this job, he soon found another with a rival paper, which after a time he was

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Oil.

By Campa Rivera.

## Petates

By Dene Chandos

**M**ONK, the puppy, suddenly decided that she liked the taste of petates, the straw mats I use to cover the tiled floors, and she chewed holes in half a dozen of them in a single morning. I arranged to make a tip to Sayula in the car with a few guests, to buy some more.

Our way took us along the coast road, where, at the end of the rainy season, you wind and bump through every luxurious mood of lakeside scenery, at one moment moving through the lacy shade of acacias between lush fields of head-high green corn and orchards of papayas in slender, well-drilled ranks, and the next moment pinned in the narrow stony track between the steep myrtle-green hillside and the pewter sheen of the lake itself. Then we ran along a strip of the Mexico-Guadalajara highway until we came to another rough road leading up over the pass to Sayula.

Even in its views Mexico is unexpected. Here, there was nothing of the gradualness with which the first Italian panorama opens up after crossing an Alpine pass. We climbed five hundred feet over a stony road, turned a sharp corner, and the view burst upon us, entire and breathtaking, in an instant. Forty miles away, across the huge basin that lay scooped out below us, the snow-capped Pico de Colima towered above the gray-lilac mountains that basked around the valley. The lake of Sayula looked, for all its size, strangely humble. From so far above, its shallowness seemed pitiful—a smear of thin gruel in the middle of a colossal dish—and all around it lay the acres of smooth rose-gray sand that once formed its bed. For Sayula is a dying lake, shrinking from year to year,

drying up. Now, at this season, the lake bed was over half full, and the fields that lay around it stretched vivid green right to the mountain wall. The well-ordered villages with their criss-cross lanes looked tinier than anything the Lithuanian's toy factory could ever produce.

We drove down the pass, and at the second village along the lakeshore we found a small manufactory of petates. These mats were woven in a herring-bone pattern from the stout reeds that formerly grew very plentifully here. They were mostly made to a size of about five feet by four, and many Indios have never known any other bed. I asked the price.

"You will know, señor," said the man, a Tarascan whose eyes were so dark you couldn't see the pupils.

"One peso," I said.

"Pos, that's very little, señor. The little reeds are very scarce just now. One fifty."

There followed a little polite bargaining, and at one thirty we agreed. I bought a dozen and packed them in the back of the car.

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In the evening, as we drove back across the pass, I wondered how many more years the reeds would grow at Sayula and the greenness of the valley floor would continue to refresh the eyes of the traveler and give work to the inhabitants; for when the lake finally dries the valley with all its life and its wealth will die also. Disafforestation, bad cultivation, injudicious drainage works have created havoc through-



out the Americas. The old Maya civilization perished, it is said, through soil exhaustion. Soil erosion has done its best to ruin much of the Mississippi basin; the drainage of Lake Texcoco, too, has helped to spoil the climate and amenities of Mexico City. Here at Sayula it is easy to prophesy the creation, for the self-same reasons, of a man-made desert out of one of the fairest valleys of Mexico.

It was after eleven when we reached Ajijie, and I was tired and unprepared for any fresh experience by the time I got to my room. On the bed, in the midst of the counterpane, was what appeared to be a large lump. All sorts of thoughts ran through my mind: Tippet, a practical joke, a rattlesnake, and that last, quite unnecessary glass of tequila in Jocotepec. I pulled back the cover. With one leg cocked vertically over her shoulder, Minou was engaged in extensive washing operations. She rose purring with the smug, self-satisfied air of an amateur conjuror who has successfully performed a particularly clever trick, and made as though to butt my hand with her ear. There was chaos in the bed, and four squealing kittens.

I suppose I should have noticed before that something was afoot. Normally Minou is of a notably odd shape, very thin—though God knows she eats enough—with long kangaroolike legs that arch up her body in a gangling manner. It is not the sort of figure in which violent fluctuations of line should remain unnoticed for long. Besides, all the previous week she had been taking an inordinate interest in every cupboard in the house, and once she'd come flying out of Fordyce's room pursued by a rich variety of tart and unprintable comment. But I had fondly imagined she was looking for mice.

In Ajijie the Christmas celebrations extend, in all, over several weeks. The posadas start on December sixteenth and last until Christmas. According to tradition, groups of singers go round from house to house, singing and begging in the name of the Holy Family for shelter—posada. When they are admitted, they are given food and drink, and then there is a party. This is now seldom done, and a posada is customarily a party like any other, with music, refreshments, and dancing. The only time in Mexico I ever saw or heard the traditional procedure, with songs and processions, lighted candles and all the rest, was in the American embassy under Ambassador Daniels, and then most of the participants were Americans. The Ambassador had organized everything in the best Mexican tradition, except that there can certainly never have been a Mexican party without drinks, and Mr. Daniels has always served no liquor. The prudent had fortified themselves before coming.

Here the old custom is merely an excuse for nightly celebrations, and it is preceded by the feast of San Andrés, Ajijie's patron saint, and the three days' observance of the day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which falls on December twelfth. Christmas passed quietly and pleasantly, and even Mr. Humpel raised an uncertain voice in "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," and the Professor wore a paper cap cut out of some snappers.

Around the New Year business at the inn slackened off. The Fountanneys were going away for January, and as I had no immediate bookings, I decided to use some of the money I had made and go down to Oaxaca, leaving Fordyce and Mr. Humpel on their own. They were perfectly satisfied with this arrangement; in fact, Fordyce said he'd be delighted to have a little peace and quiet.

Then Silvanito wanted to go away too, to the children's fiesta at Cajititlán. This takes place on

January sixth, the Day of the Feast of the Kings, because the church there contains life-sized images of Melchior, Balthazar, and Caspar. They are all joined together and are carried through the village on a plank. Melchior is black, Balthazar red, and Gaspar white. Silvanito explained to me that on arrival you go to the nearest house and reserve sleeping space by throwing your petate on the floor. The villagers make no charge for this, regarding free accommodation as an extra inducement to bring people to the fiesta. But of course if you get there late you have to sleep out of doors.

"There are many big tents of saloons of dance," said Silvanito, "one enormous of big, with a domed roof like a church. It's a very pretty fiesta, especially for such an ugly little village, for ugly it is, with a very small lake that has nothing in it but catfish and a few canoes that leak. But the people there put themselves very ready. They spend very little on the fiesta and buy only very small firecrackers that make hardly any noise at all. All the same it is very nice, and there are many wheels of fortune and roundabouts and Hungarians, and you spend a mountain of money. How many centavos of wages would you owe me, señor?"

I told him and his round face lighted up.

"I shall be able to divert myself very well," he said. "That is, if you permit me to go. And would you pay me in advance for the week that enters?"

Now everywhere in Mexico the Day of the Kings is the children's day, and traditionally a Spanish child, instead of putting out his stocking on Christmas Eve, should put out his shoes on the Eve of the Day of the Kings. I asked Silvanito if many children went to the fiesta.

"Oh, no, very few, because people go there to divert themselves, and children are a great nuisance because they try to put themselves into the diversion too. Most people of the village even shut up their children during those days so that they shan't go to the dances or get their thoughts scrambled by the Hungarians."

"And how many days do you want to be away?"

"Oh, the fiesta is only for one day although the music starts the day before. Last year I only stayed a short time, just three days, because I had to leave, because it had taken me other days to dig the roots of the hill for the centavos with which to hire the burro to go, and when I got to the fiesta, I sold all my eggs at once, and the next day I had only tomatoes to sell. Most people stay the whole week, buying or selling, and the music goes on as long as there are people to dance. But since you will want me to guard the house while you are away, I could with all certainty be back on the fifth day, or the fourth. And don't you want to lend me your old impermeable, for the January rains might come, and you often lend it to that Cayetano?"

"And I was going to ask you, señor," interrupted Lola, who had been eavesdropping, "if you wouldn't lend it to me instead."

"What," I said. "Do you want to go too?"

"Oh, no, señor. It's only that this Silvanito is a careless boy as all the world knows, and has already of this month, lost a fork and broken a fine olla, watering his little seeds. The fiesta too is much very bad. You know, two years ago, or maybe three, I took my sister's children, the poor little ones (they are undoubtedly Lola's own). There were many people so that we could get no lodging, and there was much noise. And the tequila too was of a bad class, for I drank several little glasses myself."

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Water Color.

By Charles X. Carlson.

## Strange Daughter

By Martha Gellhorn

LORRAINE LANDON took off her dark glasses and stared at this indifferent world. The little Mexican town of Tetela went about its business, unaware of a live, famous movie star on the pavement. An Indian bearing a huge bed spring on his back trotted by, muttering, "With your permission—with your permission," and people made way for him and his superhuman burden. Another Indian, with a glass tray strung from his neck, ambled along selling small poison-colored jellies. On the steps of the best hotel—Lorraine's hotel—a young Indian woman nursed her baby as if she were alone in the country on her own adobe threshold. There were beggars and shoeshine boys; burros loaded with charcoal; ancient busses of tattered tin, making hysterical explosive noises and sprouting heads from every glassless window.

It was the usual morning activity of Tetela; everybody seemed to be extremely busy and getting nowhere. But no one recognized Lorraine Landon, who had been recognized all over the world for eleven years. Or if they did recognize her, they did not mind; she had as much right to loiter on the street as they had. Miss Landon went back into the hotel to get her breath and change her outlook.

The desk clerk was intent on the switchboard; his system was to plug in all the wires, so that no bells should ring anywhere, thus sparing himself and the guests the trouble of speaking over the telephone.

"Is there a house agent?" Miss Landon asked. "I would like to rent a house."

"There is Don Agostino," the desk clerk said.

"And he is an agent?"

"He has calling cards. No one else has."

"Oh." She thought about this a moment. "Where do I find him?"

"He plays dominoes in the café across the square. On the corner."

"But his office?"

"He has no office. What for?"

Well, she thought, what for indeed? How do I know? She walked out of the hotel again, not bothering with dark glasses. The sky was china blue. The trees in the square shone dark emerald, each leaf polished, after the night's rain. Every day would be like this, she had been reliably informed; faultless and sparkling. Every night at six o'clock the rains would start, and continue, with quiet persistence, to wash the world until six in the morning. You could not help feeling an animal delight in such weather, whatever trouble seethed in your mind.

Don Agostino was a short round man with gray stubble on his cheeks and a collarless shirt. She introduced herself. Don Agostino said, "Your servant," smiled warmly, waved her to a chair at the next table and went on with the game. For eleven years no one had kept Miss Landon waiting; she did not know how to behave.

Presently the game was over and Don Agostino was free to attend to a prospective client.

"You wish a house?" he said. "It is very difficult. They cost too much. People take pleasure in asking a great deal of money, whether they get it or not. I would not like you to be robbed. Perhaps you had better stay at the hotel; it is cheaper."

"But I want a house. It doesn't matter about the money."

Don Agostino looked at her sadly, as if she were a poor orphan, loose in a dangerous world. "Do not say that," he advised. "The best house costs three hundred American dollars a month. Imagine it. Who can pay such money? How many are there in your

family?"

"Myself and my daughter."

"Oh, no, then. It is much too big. It has five bedrooms. It would be a great waste."

"Please," Miss Landon said a bit wildly, "I can afford it. Really I can." How did you deal with such people; three hundred dollars was nothing at all. "Could I see it?"

"It is a little hot just now," Don Agostino said, looking back at the table, his companions, the neat black-and-white dominoes.

"We could take a taxi; we wouldn't need much time," Miss Landon pleaded. She could hardly believe what he had said, or her voice. She was used to giving orders—not brusque harsh orders, but quiet ones—and these were obeyed. The secretary, the housekeeper, the butler, the agent—everyone lived to obey.

"If it pleases you," Don Agostino said. "But the house is too big for a woman alone with a child. When will your husband come?"

"He is not coming," Miss Landon said stiffly.

Don Agostino bargained carefully with the taxi driver in order to save six cents. The taxi driver drove as if he were testing a racing car on a speedway, and presently stopped, with a jerk, in front of a little wooden gate. All Miss Landon could see was an old, smooth, faded, pink adobe wall, with waterfalls of rosy bougainvillea spilling over it. Don Agostino pulled a cord and a cowbell tinkled in the silence. The wooden door was opened by an Indian woman with a fine, bony, intelligent face and two missing front teeth. They walked down worn steps into a small paved patio with a fountain; through another door into a hall, and out of that immediately onto a wide-roofed terrace, with nothing before them but a sloping garden, and beyond it the green, pleated land, rolling away to jagged mountains.

"I want this house," Miss Landon said.

"You have not seen it!" Don Agostino was scandalized.

"I want it. If you will come to the bank I will pay the rent now. When can I move in?"

"Today, if you wish," he said. "This is Filomena, the cook. There is also her husband, Diego, who is the gardener. Then there is Lucrezia, her niece, who is the maid, and Severa, the laundress, who comes three days a week. They go with this house, but you must pay their wages. Can you believe it? It is not included in the rent."

"Fine."

"My poor lady," Don Agostino said sadly, "you are being robbed. But it is gringos who do the robbing; this house belongs to rich gringos. Of course Mexicans rob also if it is possible. I am not a man who thinks one people is better than another people."

"Let us go to the bank," Miss Landon said, "and get the money . . . Adios, Filomena."

Don Agostino had departed with a wad of soiled Mexican notes; he said he would give her a receipt as soon as he remembered. Would she like a contract or an inventory or anything like that? She said it did not matter. Would she stay long?

"I may stay all my life," Lorraine Landon said, suddenly feeling very gay.

And now to tell Isabelle, and to hope, pray that Isabelle would approve what she had done. For if Isabelle did not approve, she would go into a cold silence, and the air around her would freeze and the sky turn to steel. Isabelle was twelve years old, but she was only waiting for time to pass, only waiting not to be a child any more, or at least a child in years. Isabelle was counting the days and the months until she would be eighteen, and free and would go away (Where) Lorraine wondered, and to do what?

and he burdened no longer with a mother who had certain technical powers over her. The gaiety was all gone now. Instead there was the familiar sadness and fear, and the unanswerable question: How had Isabelle become this monster; how had she, the mother, fostered or created this monster; and how could they go back through the years and start again?

She did not know if she loved Isabelle any longer, for Isabelle rejected love; Isabelle did not feel it or want it. Lorraine only knew that she had borne a child, and this child had become Isabelle, and they were not a mother and daughter, but two isolated women, strangers, who spoke to each other through deafness.

Isabelle lay beside the hotel swimming pool, reading a fashion magazine. Clothes were her obsession. Nothing interested Isabelle except the adornment of her body. She cared for her skin as if she were an aging beauty fighting time and wrinkles; she brushed her hair with insane concentration. Lorraine noted, without wonder, that Isabelle's body was carefully oiled against the sun and that she wore a wide straw hat. Isabelle knew exactly what she was doing; nothing was left to chance. Her skin was golden; at intervals, and after applying a special cream, she would expose her face to the sun for twenty minutes; the skin of the face being more delicate than the skin of the body. Isabelle did not lie in the sun because she loved sun, but because she had decided a golden suntan suited her.

"I've rented a house," Lorraine said cheerfully.

The child did not look up from the magazine. "Good," said Isabelle. "This is a putrid hotel."

That, perhaps, was as much approval or enthusiasm as could be hoped for. Lorraine stared at her child, who would one day be more beautiful than she was, and now, at twelve, was far more beautiful than any twelve-year-old girl should be. Isabelle was fair, as her father had been; her hair was silky and soft, yet heavy, and a pale wheat gold. She had wide-set slanting eyes, and these were green, like emeralds.

The child, of course, had taken dancing lessons as soon as she could walk; and though she would not be a dancer, she had the natural grace, the feline certainty of movement of a great dancer. Her usual expression, for the world to see, was one of bland good manners. "Charming," people said. "What a delicious, charming little girl." She is a real actress, Lorraine thought, and I have never been able to act at all, but Isabelle sees herself from the outside. She always knows how she looks and sounds and what effect she wants to make. All I ever had was a face and a body, and someone telling me where to stand, how to sit, register passion, sorrow, anger.

Her own fantastic face, the long blueblack hair, the entrancing, light but sensual body had taken her a long way—all the way to Tetela in Mexico, and to this pool, and to this moment of looking at her beautiful child and feeling helpless with despair.

"I'm going to my room until lunch-time. I want to rest," Lorraine said. Isabelle turned a page and did not bother to answer.

Lorraine lay on her bed in the shaded room and thought: A putrid hotel. But when she was twelve, this hotel would have seemed a palace for a princess, too lovely to be true. When she was twelve she lived in a place called Mayville, set on the flat plain of Texas, with the land stretching out to the horizon, empty, dry. And the only life was the highway and the cars, which never stopped at Mayville. Naturally, a beautiful girl would leave this place; naturally, since she had nothing but beauty, she would go to Hollywood. But at eighteen, in Hollywood, Lorraine was still the child Isabelle had never been. She could hear to remember herself now, after the years of careful



shamed forgetting. Beautiful, but, as she had learned to say, "common," with her face painted like a clown's, and her clothes so poor, so noisy and so revealing. Her words drawled out innocently, always nasal and always incorrect.

She had thought herself very dashing, and had found work from time to time as an extra. And lived on drugstore food, and not much of it, and used her pitiful money to buy ten-cent-store cosmetics and another too-tight sweater, another undulating, rhinestone-ornamented satin dress from the rack. And grew a little sad and a little hungry and very lonely after a year of this.

Then she met Bill Dumbrowski, who came from Texas, too, and bought his chocolate malts at the same cut-rate drugstore. So long ago, so hopelessly long ago. He worked in a filling station. He didn't want to be an actor; he wanted to build airplanes and someday design his own. He was twenty-one and he loved her and she loved him. So they were married. It still made her sad to remember that she had not had a white wedding dress when she was nineteen.

They worked and nothing much came of it—neither airplanes nor stardom—but it did not matter. They loved each other. Then Isabell was born to a frightened Mrs. Dumbrowski, aged twenty-one, and suddenly it was horrible to be poor and to dread doctor's bills and crave the baby aids and baby luxuries she could not buy. Lorraine worried herself into a new beauty, with hollow cheeks and dark, suffering eyes. Perhaps that was why Max Stamm noticed her, although she was only one of several hundred Christian slaves milling around in an epic at ten dollars a day. Max Stamm was a great man, a director rich and famous and powerful and ugly and old—at least thirty-five years old. He loved working with raw material; he preferred creating people to creating epics. There was a miserable talk with Bill, which ended with Lorraine sobbing, "I hate to be poor! I won't be poor! I

can't be poor!" Bill must have been wiser than a boy of twenty-three should be or else he loved her very much, and he let her go, gently, with love and pity.

While Max Stamm created his new wife, Isabelle went into a perfect nursery, very clean but also frilly, with a starched German nurse to look after her. For two years Max would not let his wife face a camera. After two years, Lorraine Landon, who was born Ruby Hopkins, graduated from Max Stamm's tireless training; she was the triumph of his imagination and will: cool, fastidious, elegant.

Max Stamm's work was done—she was a star—so Lorraine found an Italian prince—which seemed the thing to do that year. Giorgio was useful too; she needed the final lustrous polish of Europe. Isabelle had a French governess, with the German nurse still in attendance to insist on spinach and carrots, and to wash ears. But then Giorgio faded away; he could not endure California and she could not be expected to give up her amazing career. He was not angry with her any more than Max had been; both of them renounced her kindly, as you allow a child to learn, by the hurt of experience.

And finally there was Michael, who played polo, and had behind him as many ancestors as Americans can manage, and a pillared white house in Virginia. Isabelle got an English governess and a pony. They were all nice men. Lorraine thought; only they had nothing to do with me. Or with Isabelle. But who could have had anything to do with me, who was I? She was the one who was mobbed in the streets, whose fan mail arrived in trucks, who was paid more and more. Or else she was at home, in the false French chateau in Bel-Air, living graciously. And what Isabelle was doing, she would hardly know; she could not imagine or guess. Isabelle appeared, led in like a prize poodle, by whatever governess could stand the strain, beautiful, beautifully dressed, as ornamental

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## An Old Soldier Dies

By Ethel Barnett DeVito

**S** HE saw, those last days, when he stormed death's portal,

He would go down with all his armor on,

Godlike—almost too godlike to be mortal,

She thought, Who could live up to such a man?

His fearlessness, as he lay telling stories.

His coolness that denied the ailing flush,

Almost he might be planning further glories:

To conquer this last foe in one swift rush.

How could she wake a need for her at length?

Hertest: to wait, to do as she was bid.

Shaken with grief she tried to match his strength

Until he said, "Bend close," and when she did

To hear the final word he would confide,

"I am afraid of death," he said, and died.

# Morning in Oaxaca

By Marion Spoor

**I**T BEGINS before dawn—the accompaniment to our daily life—the sound of the bells, now faint and far, then suddenly quite near. It is the call to the faithful from any one of the twenty-five churches of our little city. Usually, too, there is the explosion of fireworks, as some church celebrates the day of its saint. (The night before there was probably a *calenda*, a procession in the saint's honor. Perhaps there was a band; then people carrying *faroles*, burning candles, each surrounded by a globe of colored tissue paper and mounted on a bamboo pole; many women, each topped by a wide basket supporting a flower arrangement in the form of a harp, a crown, a star, a peacock, a lamb; and a float or two lighted by electricity, carrying girls dressed as the Virgin and angels.)

A pearly rosy light begins to suffuse the tops of the mountains that border the valley, San Felipe to the north, the Sierra Juárez on the east, and nearer, Monte Albán with its ruined temples, a silhouette against the sky.

When the big cathedral bell strikes six, a weird sound comes from the plaza before the government "palace," where two drum and bugle corps are playing at the same time, each in a different time and tune. Now the flag is raised and the tempo of the day is set.

We distinguish the delicate tap-tap of the donkeys' little hoofs as they are driven in with their loads: charcoal for cooking, wood for the bathhouses, pottery, fruit, vegetables, flowers. Some of the donkeys are entirely hidden by enormous loads of alfalfa or cornstalks for fodder; others are dragging timbers to be used for building; many have a big basket on each side and an Indian woman and her baby on top.

Then the oxcarts come in with their loads of building stone, or gravel from the river bed, or lime; or perhaps the net that hangs from poles around the four sides is filled with squash or corn. There may be a family sitting under a canopy of petate, the woven palm mat which serves as bed, carpet, tablecloth, basket, coffin, and when woven with the ends sticking out on one side like a thatch, a perfect raincape.

The Indians from the mountains with their loads on their backs have come in, too, the man with serape over his shoulder, the woman with baby on her back and a little gourd bowl on her head. She is wearing a wrapped skirt of coarse, natural brown, home-woven wool. They stop at a fountain in the plaza to dip water to wash the mouth, rubbing the teeth with a finger and then taking a long drink before going on to market. Water is precious to them.

The market people are busy laying out their wares; some have a long table of fresh bread or big baskets of fruit and nuts; others, a few tomatoes or peppers laid out on a small petate in little piles of four or five each. Delicious odors float out from the restaurant side of the market, where many tables and benches accommodate hundreds of people. Here you may get whiffs of fried chicken, vegetable soup, toasted tortillas, beans, coffee, and chocolate. The hum of voices is punctuated by the screams or babblings of the parrots and parakeets perched here and there.

The market women wear long, colored skirts and embroidered blouses with short sleeves and low necks; their hair is in braids, and their feet are bare. Long gold and pearl earrings swing to their shoulders and heavy gold chains adorn their necks. Their jewelry

is their bank. They pluck chickens and stir soup and wash dishes and laugh and talk and turn out savory food. The stoves are big open pottery dishes (also used as washtubs) filled with sand and stone; on top is built a charcoal fire, on which the pottery cooking jars are placed.

The refreshment counter has rows of big round jars with different drinks: one from the tuna (fruit of the cactus), a beautiful red color, another from cantaloupe with lemon, still another of ground rice flavored with almond or cinnamon, and perhaps a fourth of ground corn with chocolate or other flavoring.

There is a long counter with various sorts of cheeses, the typical one made like a long ribbon wound into a ball. It is delicious—sweet and salty.

Fresh flowers are brought in, quantities of them—calla lilies, tuberoses, and gladioli half as tall as a person; roses, baby's-breath, chrysanthemums, dahlias, zinnias, Queen Anne's lace, marigolds, cockscomb, cannas, magnolia blossoms, and a world of others.

In the second market square, an open patio surrounded by roofed stalls, are spread out corn, baskets, petates, pottery, and metates, those three-legged grinding stones which have kept the Indian woman on her knees since the dawn of time and which are found in practically every ruin. They are often decorated with designs painted or worked into the stone around the edge. The Indian woman tests them before she buys one by placing on each a few grains of corn, which she grinds with the stone rolling-pin. If a young couple starts home from market with a metate and a petate they can set up housekeeping—they have the grinding stone and the bed. Their neighbors will help build a hut of bamboo-like cane that grows everywhere and thatch it with palm or cactus leaves. Pottery cooking jars are cheap and gourd dishes grow.

\* \* \*

Now the patios of the houses, adorned with trees and flowers, fountains, and singing birds, are being washed down, and so are the streets outside. A housekeeper, or a daughter of the house, followed by a boy with a basket, hurries to market for the day's supplies, and to have a little chat with friends on the way or in the market. Women in black with black scarfs or veils over their heads are on the way to or from Mass. A nun lead girls in gray uniforms—girls of all sizes and ages—from the orphanage to Mass.

The bird-sellers with their cages of birds settle on one curb of the plaza. Some of them have mocking birds (*tzintzontles*); others, colorines, *gorriones*, and cardinals.

The boothblacks arrange their chairs in the portales (arcades) around the plaza, and the gelatin vendors put up their little tables. The photographers bring their equipment, including back drop, little wooden pony, big sombrero, and fancy sarape, and set them up in the palace arcades.

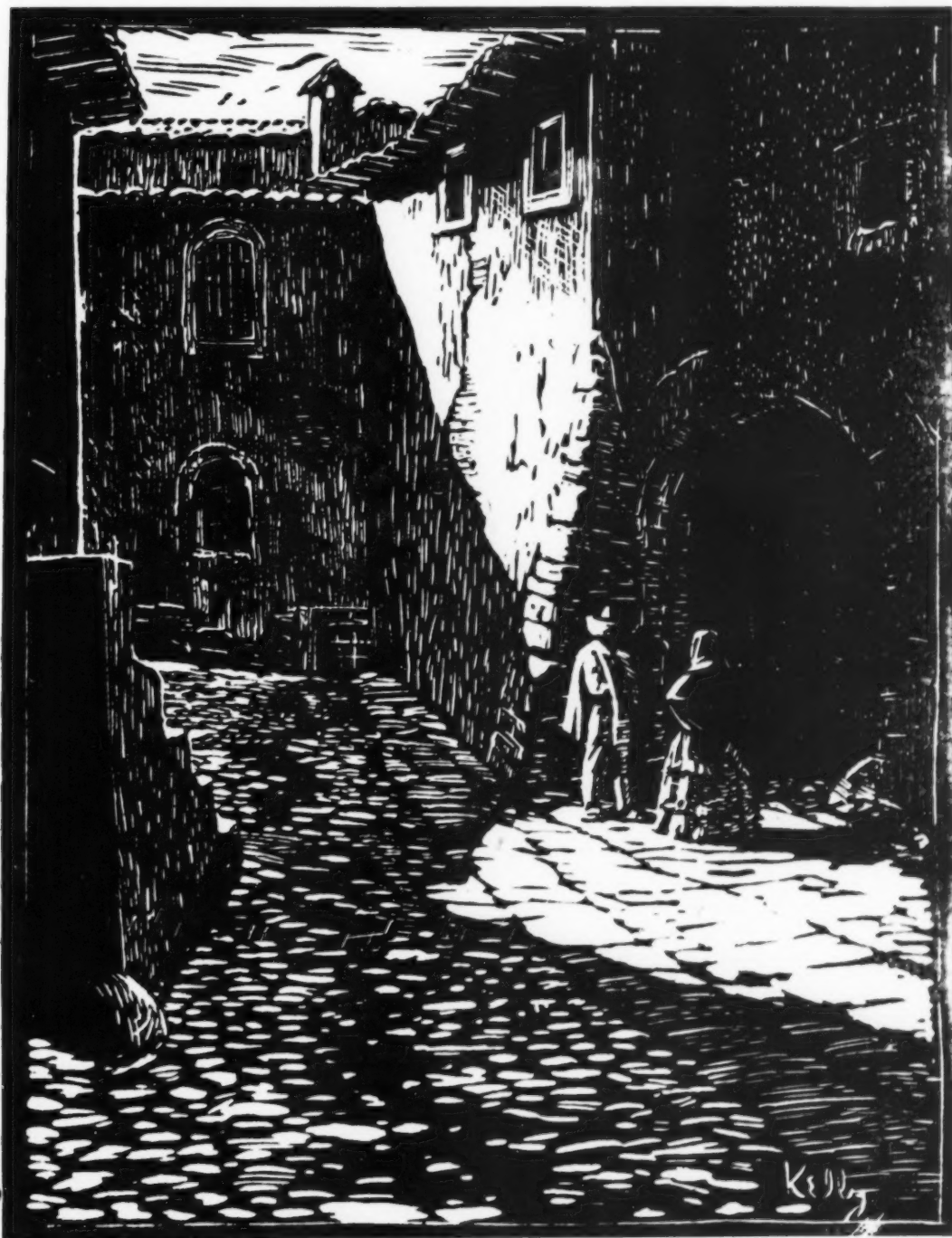
Nurses in white are on their way to look for and vaccinate children in from the country. Players are going to tennis and frontón (*jai-alai*). The corner between the cathedral and the plaza is covered with awnings and furnished with long tables spread with a cloth and with chairs painted red and yellow and orange. A little handcart comes along with ice-cream freezers and big jars for water, some dishes, a cake

of ice, and the family all ready for the day—father, mother, children, and babies. They serve sherbets in all sorts of colors. The whirr of the freezers as they swing the container back and forth in the ice is a soothing morning sound.

The serape sellers appear with their colorful blankets piled on their shoulders, and women with crocheted lace and yokes for blouses and colored woven-wool sashes. They squat in the hotel doorways waiting for tourists or peer inside for prospective customers.

The sun is higher now and there is more warmth in the fresh morning air. School children hurry along with knapsacks on their backs; school girls in uniforms of different sorts go arm in arm; college boys saunter, studying as they go; girls with elaborate permanent-wave coiffures and dangling earrings hustle to office or store.

There is the sound of iron curtains being rolled up in front of the stores, or of wooden shutters being taken down. The radio is turned on in the barber shop, the policeman on the corner blows his whistle, the cathedral clock strikes nine—the day has begun!



Ink Drawing.

By James Astrucy Kelly.





Oil.

By Tommy Beere.

# A Cake and Departure

By Hudson Strode

**W**E WERE late in getting back to our private railway car for dinner, but the steward and the porter were both in good humor, as well as Townsend and Wagus, who had returned with experiences from the hinterland. Tardiness rarely causes irritation among Mexicans or lovers of Mexico.

In the dining-room I stopped, surprised. In the center of the table was an extralarge cake heavily frosted and embossed in red letters. My name was spread across the top in bits of candied cherries. A little card lay at the foot of the cake. Scrawled in ink it said, "To El Señor Profesor from the Cook."

The porter and the steward were standing by to note my reaction. I was touched. I asked to have the cook in to thank him. He was a roly-poly with a round face and a rounder belly. I said I had never seen a more beautiful cake and offered him many times a thousand thanks. His grin made a half-circle.

The cook spoke some English. He had lived for a year once in Tulsa, Oklahoma. "Indians, there, too," he said. "Big, fine Indians, rich, much oil. They ride white ladies about in red automobiles."

"Did you like Tulsa?"

"I like. I like very much—to look. Tall buildings, glass store windows full of everything."

"Why didn't you stay?"

"I no have oil." He chuckled pleasantly. "I feel better here."

We all stood admiring the cake for some minutes before we sat down to dinner. But this creation was too much for me, for us. We should have a child here to enjoy it—A child who has never seen a cake like this—except maybe in a confectioner's window. We needed a child for a proper celebration.

I looked at Esperón. He looked at me. We knew one child in Querétaro by name—no more than a boy, if he did wear a soldier's uniform. Josefát Mendes.

Could we? Would it be proper, permitted? A captain ask a private—less than a private—to dinner?

Esperón put back the chair he had pulled out. "Let's go get him. I'll speak with the commandant." He looked at the steward and the cook. Could the dinner be held back a quarter-hour while we went to fetch a guest?

But, of course, *Como no?* Their pleasure was only to please us. Wagus and Townsend were quite content to wait.

I grabbed my hat, and Esperón, his captain's cap. It had begun to drizzle. But we didn't care and didn't bother to take raincoats. We were lucky to find a taxi waiting on the other side of the station. To the military barracks! Hurry!

We tore down a street so narrow that the taxi almost brushed against the tramcar. Citizens and soldiers were clinging to the rails of trams determined to hold onto their lives.

"The boy has surely eaten by now," I said doubtfully.

"I never saw a boy between fourteen and eighteen who could not eat two suppers," Esperón said reassuringly.

In the ill-lit street before the barracks, the rain was falling steadily. We told the driver to wait, and rushed in. Seeing a strange tall army captain approaching, the sentries snapped to attention and let us through with a flourish. Esperón spoke to the officer of the day, who looked surprised, perplexed, and then acquiescent. He called a soldier to precede and

escort us. We crossed the wet paving of the courtyard, jumping the deeper puddles. The soldier bounded up the steps, shouting "Josefat Mendes!"

Loitering youths in the upper corridor became alert with curiosity. "Josefat Mendes?" they repeated, and looked at each other.

"He is wanted," the escort said, rushing on.

"Josefat Mendes," Esperón and I both reiterated. "Do you know where he is? Do you know him?"

"Josefat Mendes?" "I think he is out." "He is gone." "Josefat Mendes went out, but he returned." "No!" "Yes!" "Perhaps." "Let us see." Conscripts scattered in various directions, calling his name.

A group of four joined us. One led the way to a dormitory. "Josefat Mendes!" he yelled. Some boys idling on their beds jumped up to attention.

"Do you know Josefat Mendes?"

"No, mi capitán."

"Do you know Josefat Mendes?"

"Sí, mi capitán. But he does not have his bed here. In another room."

Down the corridors rang our original escort's call for Josefat Mendes. He was unaware that he had lost us.

A grave-faced soldier pointed, and offered to lead the way anew. "I know him. He sleeps in there." The other fellows exchanged excited looks. There was some urgency and import in the matter. Was his mother dying? Was he accused of theft? Had he been left a fortune? Was he to be court-martialed?

Now a score of soldiers trailed behind us through the great arches into another dormitory. Our first escort arrived from another direction. It was his voice that echoed back the cry for Josefat Mendes.

"Does Josefat Mendes sleep in this room?"

"Yes, but he is not here."

"Look in the toilets. Look in the shower room."

The soldier from Esperón's province, the good-looking chap with fine teeth and the mandolin, appeared from the shower room with a towel wrapped about his middle. "Josefat Mendes went out. He did not come back for supper. See? There is where he lives."

He led us down between the rows of beds and stopped before the little table-cabinet that stood at the foot of a certain cot, as similar cabinets stood at the foot of every cot. He pointed to what lay on top: a tin plate with a pile of black beans, stew meat, some tortillas, some boiled cabbage, and a mug of cocoa. Josefat's untouched supper had got cold. These were the only plate and mug visible in the entire dormitory. All the other suppers had been eaten, and the utensils washed and put away.

We stared in silence at the unhappy evidence. No, he could not be in the barracks.

"You see," Esperón commented on the side, "the food these boys get in the army is substantial and fairly well balanced. And note, not a soldier has touched a crumb of Josefat's supper."

"Was it something very important, mi capitán?" The boy in the towel spoke.

Esperón looked at him and at me. But before he asked the question he knew that no one but Josefat Mendes would really do. Yet he said half-heartedly, "What are you doing tonight, now, before bedtime?"

The young man showed his white teeth in a grin. "With your money, mi capitán, I was able to buy a pretty girl a tres Marias this afternoon, and she is meeting me at eight."

"Tres Marias?" I queried.

"Three Marys," Esperón said, "is the name of a triple ice-cream cone shaved to hold three blobs, vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry."

If we had not given money to Josefat Mendes, I ruminated, he would be where he should be now.

"What shall we say to Josefat Mendes?" some other boys asked together.

"Tell him—tell him, his new friends—" We both began to feel a little foolish. "Tell him we got permission to take him to a fiesta on a private car at the railway station—and that we were sorry to miss him."

"He will be more than sorry."

As we watched our steps down the slippery stone stairs to the wet courtyard, we knew Josefat could not be as disappointed as we. "You see how it is," Esperón said. "Grownups often get more pleasure doing things for kids than the kids themselves get out of it."

Soldiers scurrying in out of the rain passed us, but none of them was the one we were looking for. We both felt a bit sunk as we got into the taxi.

"Dónde?" the driver asked.

"Drive slowly to the Jardín Zenea and around it," I suggested. I have ever hated to have my plans go astray. And the kid would have remembered always having dinner in a private car with a big cake like that.

We strained our eyes at the oblique street shadows. Young conscripts lurked in the protection of doorways, but none was the fellow too small for his uniform. We drove slowly around the deserted plaza. Only desultory citizens were streaking across to get out of the rain.

We did not enjoy the excellent dinner with duck as much as we had expected. Even Townsend and Wagus were disappointed. But for the cook's sake we put on a jovial air and made exclamations of delight when he came in to witness the cutting of the cake. Townsend couldn't eat any, because he had some inner discomfort from indulging in too much chili with the Indians. So altogether there were only six big slices gone—three for us in the dining-room and three for those in the kitchen. There was enough cake left to feed a squadron.

After coffee, as we smoked our cigars there sat the great white cake, like a monument to our defeat. We had tried and failed in our efforts to give pleasure and get pleasure by giving.

"It seems a waste to take it back to Mexico City," Esperón said.

"Do you think it would hurt the cook's feelings," I hinted, "if we took him half of it?"

"I can't tell you how much a cake meant to me when I was in military school in the States."

We called the cook. He gave the gesture his blessing. We halved the cake and put the full half in a pasteboard box.

It was now nine-fifteen by the station clock. The barracks' lights were on until nine forty-five.

The rain had almost stopped. Again we were lucky in finding a lone waiting cab. We drove swiftly to the barracks. I bore the cake, since it seemed a bit irregular for a captain to be bringing a conscript such a gift.

We did not go up. The officer of the day sent for Josefat Mendes. While we waited, he and Esperón exchanged comments on the state of the war in Europe, and twice he glanced quizzically at the box I held with such care.

The soldier returned without him. Josefat Mendes was still out—his supper was untouched, the messenger said.

"Here is a present for him," I said. "Please put it in the middle of his cot, and tell him to give you a

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MOTHERHOOD. Terra Cotta.

By Fidencio Castillo.



WOMAN WITH JAR. Terra Cotta.

By José L. Ruiz.

## Some Aspects of Mexican Sculpture

By Guillermo Rivas

THE modern evolution of Mexico's sculpture has to a large measure followed that of its painting. In its essence it has mainly defined a re-discovery of native sources and values, a kind of aesthetic nationalization. But probably because painting, assuming a social mission has become a monumental art, sculpture, whose principal function has always been monumental, has to a certain extent been supplanted by it, or reduced to a secondary place.

Thus throughout the past three decades our sculptors have confronted a rather difficult situation. Striving for self expression, for prestige, and also to regain their position as makers of public monuments, to encounter public appeal and official patronage, they have drifted far and wide in exploration and experiment, seldom, however, arriving at entirely felicitous results. This tentative period has produced, for instance, such excursions into mere "giantism" as the dubiously meritorious mammoth Morelos statue soaring over the Island of Janitzio or that of "El Pipila" overhanging the City of Guanajuato, or in Mexico City of such quite charming though essentially frivolous decorations as the Diana fountain at the entrance to Chapultepec Park.

Of all these sundry strivings perhaps the most unrewarding has been the anachronistic attempt on

the part of some of our sculptors to create a modern Mexican expression by way of simulating archaeology, by seeking to express present-day reality in Aztec or Maya terms.

And yet, while our sculpture has not achieved the high significance of our mural painting, while it has not produced a single figure that can be likened to José Clemente Orozco, while it has lacked definitive goal or orientation, while it has failed to evolve a homogeneous form, it has preserved a degree of vitality and promise within this very same trend of trial and exploration. Our sculpture, like our painting, revealing the urge for independence, for a valid self-utterance, ranges widely in manner, style and purpose, though beyond its heterogeneity, by and large it bears a salient note of national character, the stamp of Mexican neo-realism which characterizes the work of our outstanding contemporary painters.

\* \* \*

This peculiar stamp is especially notable in the work of José L. Ruiz. In austere and simplified plastic terms he depicts indigenous Mexico, enhancing his realism and investing it with added force through a slight, consistent and harmonious distortion. To



this extent Ruiz the sculptor can be likened to the painter Guerrero Galvan.

We find a similar though less pronounced underlying quality in the massive figures of Rosa Castillo, Alberto de la Vega and Fidencio Castillo. While in the work of all the facial expression is lifelike there is a hint of symbolism in the recreation of bodies.

This symbolism surpasses realism in the arresting composition, "Toiler," by Jorge Gonzalez Camarena. The head is dwarfed by the body, implying that life itself is sustained entirely by bodily effort, that shoulders, arms and legs, and not the head, are the instruments of elemental survival. Gonzalez Camarena, incidentally, is a distinguished mural painter who has of late taken up sculpture as well.

Geles Cabrera, who is probably the most convincing among our abstractionists, departing from the contemporary native manner, creates images of flowing undulations that are imbued with a spark of inner life.

The diverse manners of the above six sculptors are fairly representative of the general trend in our contemporary sculpture.



YOUNG WOMAN, Terra Cotta.

By Alberto de la Vega



FIGURE, Terra Cotta.

By José L. Ruiz.



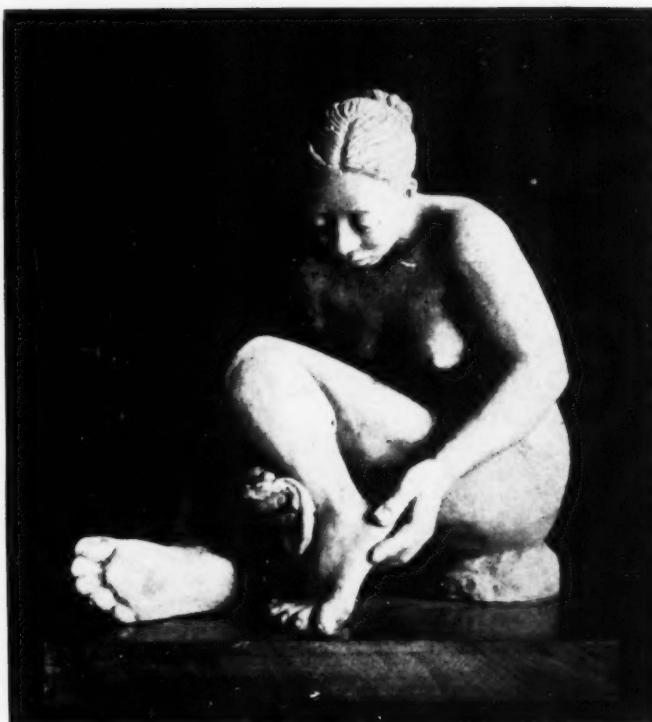
TOILER, Terra Cotta.

By Jorge Gonzalez Camarena.



HEAD OF A BOY. Terra Cotta.

By Alberto de la Vega.

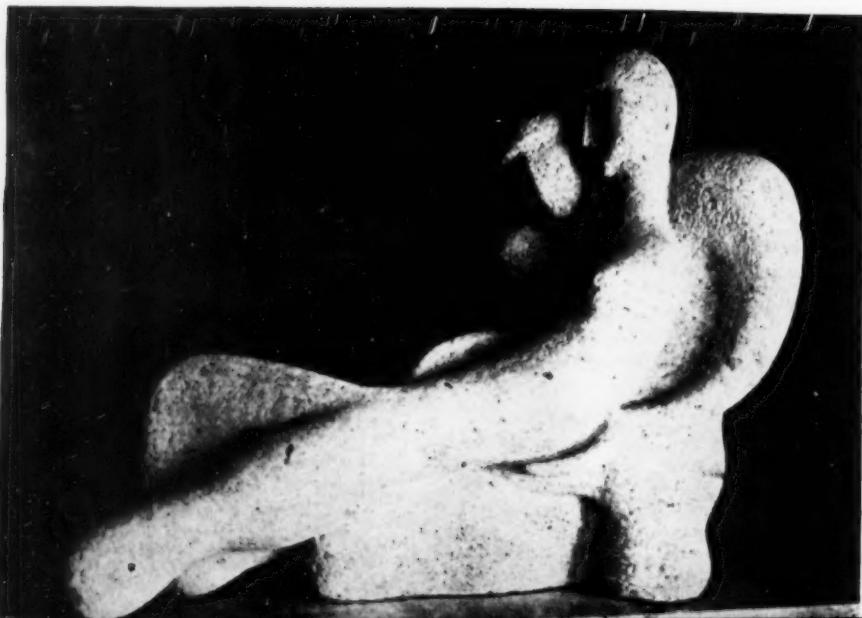


BATHER. Terra Cotta.

By Rosa Castillo.

EMBRACE. Stone.

By Geles Cabrera.



# Un Poco de Todo

## PLACE TO STAND

**G**IVE me a place to stand and I will move the earth," Archimedes, as reported at the time, made his celebrated statement with a simplicity and directness never achieved by Homer or the Greek dramatists studied in schools: "Dos moi pou sto kai ten gen"—"Give me where I stand and I will move the earth." This statement was long regarded as a bold but safe proposition in theoretical physics, but now that space voyagers are preparing to set out in all directions it may be considered a matter of practical mechanics. Given the weight of the earth as 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 metric tons, a daring astronaut could figure out just where he would need to take his stand to move his earth.

There are some complications of the problem that Archimedes did not foresee. He may very well have suspected, like a number of Greeks before and after him, that the earth was a sphere. Spheres were one of his many specialties; he asked that a sphere inscribed in a cylinder be the design on his tombstone. But he did know that the sphere of the earth was spinning on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour and rushing through space in its annual journey around the sun at the rate of about ten times the speed of sound. These later discoveries present modifications of the problem that the astronauts will have to consider, although they did not bother Archimedes.

A practical application of the project to move the earth would be to bring the axis of the earth to a position perpendicular to the plane of the earth's orbit. Through the ages the earth has been heeled over at an angle of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, which is the cause of the changing seasons with excessive heat and cold north and south of the Equator and gives some nations a decidedly better climate than others. If the axis could be brought back to the perpendicular, with the sun always over the Equator, climate would tend to be equalized. In any case, allowing for differences due to other causes, every nation would have an equal place in the sun. This would tend to diminish envy and news of conquest. Siberia might in time become a pleasant land, which would not only be a great advantage for the thousands in the Soviet's labor camps but might turn the attention of Moscow away from Central Europe, thus promoting the peace and happiness of the Continent.

There are other considerations, of course, equally unknown to Archimedes, which the space mechanics will have to weigh carefully. Once the earth is righted there is no certainty that it will stay put. Hipparchus and Newton discovered the applicable laws of the movement of the earth. The attraction of the sun and moon upon the earth's protuberances at the Equator, it is explained, tends to bring the Equator into the plane of the orbit of the earth or the moon, but the earth's rotation has a gyroscopic effect, so that the axis of the earth assumes a motion like the axis of a spinning top. In other words, the axis of the solid earth is not a fixed line, but the pole tends over centuries to move almost in a circle. These considerations should be well known to the astronauts and should not deter them from trying to correct the obvious irregularities of the earth's movement for the benefit of all mankind.

## EARTH HAS LIQUID CORE

What is it like at the center of the earth? Profs. W. Maudice Ewing and Frank Press of Columbia University's Department of Geology presented evidence that the core of the earth is liquid.

The evidence was supplied by a new seismograph which is installed at Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory at Palisades, N. Y., and which is technically called an "ultra-long period vertical seismograph." The instrument records hitherto undetected earthquake surface waves. So sensitive is this new seismograph that it responds to earthquake surface waves even after they have circled the earth eight times—a record which was established on Nov. 4 when a severe earthquake rocked Kamchatka, the Russian-inhabited peninsula northeast of Japan.

"The earthquake proved to be just what we were after, says Professor Ewing. "It was as powerful as the one that destroyed San Francisco in 1906 and set a so-called 'tidal wave' in motion that later reached Hawaii."

The seismograph recorded the shock waves of this remote earthquake as they circled the earth in both directions. Fifteen trains of waves were detected in all. "This last group of waves had gone completely around the globe no fewer than eight times, having traveled altogether about 182,000 miles," comments Professor Ewing. In his opinion "it felt the earth's core."

Professors Ewing and Press came to design their ultra-long period vertical seismograph as a result of their interest in shock waves which are known as "Rayleigh waves" and which can indicate the degree of solidity of the earth's core. Rayleigh waves studied before this particular seismograph was installed were no more than 100 miles in length, therefore unaffected by the crust of the earth, which is somewhere around twenty-five miles thick.

"The great interest of the longer waves is that their velocity ceases to increase with wave length, contrary to the trend in shorter waves," explains Professor Ewing. "Since the depth of penetration of the surface waves increases with the wave length we interpret this failure of the longest waves to increase in velocity to mean that they are 'feeling' the liquid core of the earth. If the center of the earth were solid, velocity should increase with wave length as the transmitting medium becomes more dense."

## LOWER DEATH RATES

Dr. Robert C. Cook, acting director of the Population Reference Bureau, at Washington, cites in its bulletin Ceylon's experience to show how easily and cheaply modern epidemic control measures can lower death rates. The decline in the death rate is a blessing, but it also upsets the balance between birth and deaths and often precipitates economic and political crises.

Cook states that in Ceylon a malaria-control campaign cut the death rate from twenty to fourteen in only one year. This low death rate has been maintained since 1946. The annual cost has been about 12-15 cents per person.

Because Ceylon's birth rate per thousand population remains high (40.3), the annual rate of growth

Continued on page 48



# Literary Appraisals

**OBSERVATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.** By Johann Jakob Baegert, S. J., translated with an Introduction and Notes by M. M. Brandenburg and Carl L. Baumann. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1952, 218 p. illus.

**E**VERYTHING concerning California," according to Father Johann Jakob Baegert, "is of such little importance that it is badly worth the trouble to take a pen and write about it." He could well appreciate the extravagant truth of his statement, for he was writing in the latter half of the eighteenth century of his experiences as a Jesuit missionary in what is today Lower California. Originally published in Germany in 1771 under the title "Nachrichten von der Amerikanischen Halbinsel Californien" to correct false ideas about the region and the work of the Jesuits, Father Baegert's report has recently been published in English by the University of California Press in a volume entitled "Observations in Lower California." As a document of an early settler's experiences on the lonely, backward peninsula that pushes south along the Pacific coast from the U.S.-Mexican border, it is an entertaining account, rendered highly readable through a thoughtful translation by M. M. Brandenburg and Carl L. Baumann that brings up-to-date its original, somewhat ponderous, German flavor.

As a reporter, Father Baegert can hold his own with any contemporary, especially those who journey to far places, giving "the inside" of what they see. Because he spent seventeen years (1751-1768) in the area he writes about, the Jesuit missionary speaks with authority. He tells of Lower California itself, a land he measures in the hours it takes to cross it on foot rather than in metric distance. He describes its geography, climate, flora, and fauna; how its Indian inhabitants lived and what sort of people they were. Health and education facilities and the need for more of them do not escape the Father's eye. As a Jesuit, he was taking part in one of the most progressive and humanitarian movements of his time. Of particular interest are his observations on the limitations of the little known language of the Gwaicura tribe. Then there is his description of the arrival on the peninsula of the Spaniards, and the first establishment of the Christian missions whose administration and operation are fully discussed.

Noteworthy also is the character of the author himself as revealed in the text. We find Father Baegert a perspicacious observer and a firm believer in his order. Not without humor, he sets down the more barbaric customs of the Lower Californians with a detail that qualifies his indignation. Only when he writes of the senseless murders of his colleagues by rebellious natives does his certain anger flare.

It is a curious fact that Lower California still remains the neglected backwater of a prosperous nation. Latest reports from the area indicate that during the past two hundred years its development, in comparison with the rest of Mexico, has been slight. With this in mind, the reader cannot help but observe that much of what Father Baegert wrote in 1771 rings strangely true today.

W. B. A

**THE DARK SAVIOUR.** By Robert Harling. 320 pp. New York: Harper & Co.

**A** STORM of trouble was blowing over one of John Bull's uneasy islands in the Caribbean. A dark Messiah, Hercules Smith, had come out of Africa to save his people, and his hurricane campaign was making front-page news. Back in London one big daily, with a correspondent on the spot, was being mysteriously scooped, and the editor had cabled his New York man to fly down and find out why.

Hating his assignment in the sticky heat, the investigator (who tells the story) procrastinated. But he soon thought he had his answer. The local correspondent, a pale, fanatical Scot, was Smith's right-hand man. And Smith himself? "He's the most serious thing on the island," they said over at Government House. "That mixture of welfare state now and heavenly bells later on can't fail. He can send the island up in a sheet of flame inside an afternoon. Any afternoon he pleases." Yet, despite some rioting and a rash of strikes, Smith spoke and acted like a man of peace and goodwill. There was simply nothing you could pin on him.

So the New York man settled down to finish his "vacation" in a mixed mood of misgiving and professional fatalism. But the mood didn't last. An English girl, an amateur reporter, staying at the same hotel, saw to that. Eager for a news-beat, she lured Smith into her circle of wealthy white wastrels—and the crisis was on. But the dénouement must be left for Mr. Harling to tell in his terse, vibrating fashion.

"The Dark Saviour" is not such a complete success as the author's previous tale, "The Paper Palace." A baffling fusion of the revolutionary and the saint, Hercules Smith never really comes alive. But, all in all, this story, like its predecessor, is a novel of distinction.

Mr. Harling works on one of the main nerves of our time. The suspense in his narrative lies not only in the incidents but also in the motives of his characters. He is fascinated by the moral problem of the professional—the scientist working on the nuclear fission, the government official maintaining order, the newspaper man filing a "story." Each is aware that incalculable results may ensue from his activities, but, caught in the obsessive demands of his craft, moving automatically in the rut of his routine, he can only echo that weary slogan, "The show must go on."

**THE SILENT REEFS.** By Dorothy Cottrey. 241 pp. New York: William Morrow & Co.

**T**HE Caribbean, the most mysterious and perverse of seas, is the locale of this tale of a painstaking search against great odds—a search by determined men for the motorship Christophe and her crew and the evil persons (or thing) that made her vanish, leaving no sea-borne trace. Here was a mystery further compounded by tenuous clues perplexing coincidence. Tobias, the huge Negro whose son had been the ship's engineer, reported a giant footprint in the sands of a nearby reef. The brothers of the ship's captain discovered a string of unclaimed sponges on the reef. Two experienced West Indian seamen disappeared in their cockleshell at the time of the vanishing of the

Christophe. The oddest circumstance of all, though, was this: no oil slick marked any part of the well-combed area in which the ship must have gone down.

It was the absence of oil slick that caused the Christophe's underwriters to refuse to believe that the ship had gone down at all; they would not pay for its loss. Thus the security of the large, needy Christophe clan was threatened while its honor was impugned. Joseph and Henri, sailors of incredible energy, patience, and resourcefulness, borrowed money and built another ship. They ploughed the island-dotted sea, scoured the reefs, made inquiries in ports, and, fashioning a diving helmet, explored the forests beneath the sea. Throughout, they were harassed by the monomaniacal Webber and the powerful Herera family—enemies whose motives appeared shadowy but whose vindictiveness was at all times crystal-clear.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the reader—in this book all-good is pitted against all-evil as seldom before—the author solves the problem of the Christophe and the Christophes as adroitly as she presents it. "The Silent Reefs" is a fascinating study of intrigue and integrity in a colorful setting.

R. L.

**STEPHEN F. AUSTIN: Father of Texas.** By Carleton Beals. Illustrated with drawings by Jay Hyde Barnum. 277. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

**D**URING the past thirty years Carleton Beals has written twenty and some odd books of which nearly all deal with Mexico or Latin America. The fairminded and objective reportage and sound interpretation of the social, political and economic problems confronted by the countries of Latin America and compiled in these numerous books have given their author a position of generally acknowledged authority in this specific field. And although in the

course of his prolific career he has occasionally turned from informative works to biographies and even a few books of fiction, essentially he has always been a social and historical investigator.

Thus, much as in his comprehensive biography of Porfirio Diaz, where in projecting the portrait of Mexico's illustrious dictator he presents the historical panorama of the three decades in Mexico under his iron rule which led to the Revolution, in projecting within the pages of his latest book the portrait of Stephen F. Austin he presents a graphic panorama of the historical period which covers the origin, development, independence and final statehood of Texas.

In writing this book Beals did not depart very far from the terrain he knows extremely well, for the story of Texas likewise covers a historical period in Mexico—a rather tragic and disastrous period of internal strife, misrule and dismemberment. And in dealing, so to speak, with both sides of the argument Beals again demonstrates his singularly impartial, totally objective and openminded viewpoint. His biography of Austin is, in fact, the kind of book that should be read in Mexico as widely or even more than in the United States, for it effectively clears away many popular misconceptions still often harbored in our midst.

The book's salient disclosure, which will undoubtedly prove a revelation for many Mexican readers, is the fact that at the beginning and throughout most of his career as pioneer colonizer and political leader of the Texas settlement, Austin, a self-sacrificing idealist, unlike Sam Houston, strove to be a sincerely loyal Mexican citizen. It was not till his unfortunate journey to Mexico City in a futile endeavour to plead with Santa Anna for Texas statehood, where instead of a hearing he was locked up in prison on charges that were never substantiated, that he became converted to the cause of Texas independence.

In its broad impartiality the book tends to prove that Mexico's loss of this vast territory at a time when



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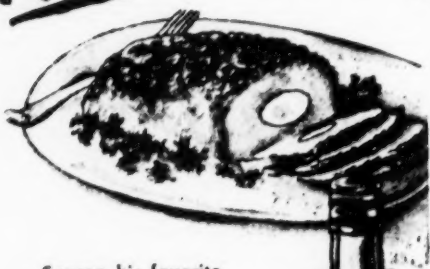


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it was plunged in political chaos was historically inevitable. It is an ably written and highly useful book, and like practically all of this author's preceding works it is a valuable contribution toward the cause of better international understanding.

The excellent pen drawings by Jay Hyde Barnum further enhance its value.

H. S. P.

**THE GILA: River of the Southwest** By Edwin Corle. Illustrated by Ross Santee. River of America Series 402 pp New York: Rinehart & Co.

**W**INKELMAN, Ariz., is at the junction of the San Pedro and Gila rivers. The country around it raises cows and ranch dudes. Its pride is the San Pedro Torpedo, compounded of tequila, gin, rum, whiskey, vodka, lemon juice, Coca-Cola, and a dash of river water.

"I suppose nobody can take too many San Pedro Torpedoes?" Edwin Corle suggested.

"That's right," the bartender agreed. "I've never seen anybody take more'n three and walk."

"The ingredients are rather strong stuff," Corle commented.

"Hell, no—that stuff won't hurt anybody. What gets 'em down is the water. That comes straight out of the Gila."

If the Gila ever had a better reputation than the one it now enjoys, it must have been while the prehistoric Hohokams were living along it by the thousands and building the astonishing edifice that through its ruins makes the Casa Grande National Monument. Kit Carson "never knew a party on the Gila that did not leave it starving. He guided Kearny's California-bound army down it in 1846, and a diarist accompanying it wrote: "The only animals seen were lizards, scorpions and tarantulas. \*\*\* Every bush is full of thorns, and every piece of grass so soon as it was broken became a thorn at both ends." This was in the

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mountains. Following the Gila across the desert plains, the pioneer travelers found no grass with which to experiment. A settler at later times summed up the flora and fauna of the Valley thus: "If you touch it, it stings you; if you pet it, it bites you; if you eat it, it kills you."

\* \* \*

"The Gila," by Edwin Corle, is the forty-fourth volume to be issued in the Rivers of America Series. It leaves out the Grand Canyon country, modern politics and wars over water, but otherwise pretty much covers the history of Arizona, starting with the age of the dinosaurs and dwelling on prehistoric Indians. Some of the most interesting chapters are extracted from the diaries of Emory and other early travelers. Tucson, which is not on the Gila, is Corle's favorite town, as it should be; through anecdote and character, he makes it delightful.

Five years ago the University of New Mexico Press issued in beautiful format "River of the Sun," by Ross Calvin, written with the penetration of his better known "Sky Determines." Corle's book on the Gila will not supplant Calvin's. The two supplement each other; both are competent.

#### F. D

**GOYA'S CAPRICHOS, Beauty, Reason and Caricatures**  
By Jose Lopez-Rey. 2 vols. 224 pp. 265 illustrations Princeton University Press.

**G**OYA'S magnificent etching and aquatint series, Caprichos, published in 1799, are among the most dramatic and haunting of this Spanish artist's work. They have been claimed by the romantics (especially Baudelaire) and the "impressionists" (especially Beruete) and by the surrealists as forerunners of their particular theories. José Lopez-Rey now asserts with cumulative proof the rationalist's right to these prints. He expounds his ideas in the first comprehensive American book on the subject, which is presented in a boxed two volumes, the second of which contains the illustrations which are fully captioned and annotated in the first.

Lopez-Rey speaks with the disdain of a Spanish grandee of the romantics who hold that Goya tried to hide the real meaning of the Caprichos behind a fabricated explanation. Instead he traces Goya's progression from the Sanlucar notebook, where he sees the feminine figure as a revelation of a beautiful reality, through the Madrid sketchbook, in which he finds Goya delineating, through caricature, man as a mummer who disgraces his great role on earth.

He then proceeds to explain the Caprichos as a logical outgrowth of the earlier works. He sees them unswervingly dedicated to the visualization of the idea which is expressed in the 1797 caption of the drawing originally intended as the frontispiece and reiterated in the publication announcement: "The artist dreaming. His only purpose is to banish harmful,



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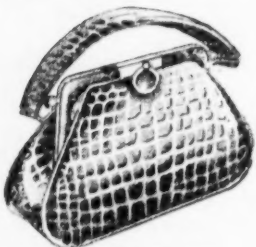
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vulgar beliefs and so perpetuate in this work of caprices the solid testimony of truth."

Goya thus becomes to Lopez-Rey the supreme embodiment of the eighteenth-century rationalist who believed that only through reason could man fulfill his destiny and drive out the blunders, lusts, follies, prejudices, superstitions, deceptions, vanities and ignorances which bar him from realization of his potentialities.

He ably and convincingly supports this point of view, strengthening it with references to contemporary writers whom Goya knew in person and in print. He explains that the artist chose the dream-world as the milieu in which most potently to expose man's absurdities and human behavior as this dark territory is the antithesis of the world of light, reason and awakening.

The nail is hit so insistently and incessantly that one tires somewhat of the pounding. One also would like more discussion of the fact that pressure, inspired by the Inquisition, forced Goya to withdraw the book from circulation in 1799 and that Charles IV nevertheless accepted unsold copies and the plates and even gave Goya's 19-year-old son a fellowship. One also regrets that the author refuses to commit himself to an opinion about Goya's relationship with the Duchess of Alba.

The book makes an important contribution on the side of pedantry. There is little written recognition of the artist's indefinable, uncodified surges and yearnings toward fantasy. There is little written acknowledgment of the series' incredible power: the dynamic clash of black and whites, the inventiveness which conceived such macabre, terrifying and grotesque faces and figures, the imaginative approximation of animals and humans (which goes far beyond Lavater's physiognomic theories). Like poetry, the wild and compelling beauty of the Caprichos resounds with obscure meanings and shadowy allusions beneath the surface of the explicable and definable purposes and intentions. To realize these, however, there is the volume of illustrations of the two notebooks and the drawings and prints of the Caprichos. Perhaps the author realizes these reproductions (though less brilliant than those in the Skira-Malraux book) tell better than any words of the artist's tantalizing genius.

A. L.

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# Current Attractions

## SIX YEARS OF BUILDING

By Howard Taubman

SIX years ago Miguel Aleman, who had taken office as President of Mexico several months earlier, saw to it that a law was passed setting up an Institute of Fine Arts. The Institute, established in the Ministry of Education, was instructed to make music, painting, drama and the dance as its principal domains, and it was provided with Government funds to do its work of ministering to the arts.

President Aleman chose Carlos Chavez, composer and conductor, to be the first director of the Institute. Last November, when a new administration took over in Mexico, Mr. Chavez asked to be relieved of his duties. He had put in six arduous years in the direct service of his Government and he wished to go back to composing and conducting.

Mr. Chavez, of course, had served Mexico long before he accepted a Government post. For more than twenty-five years he has been a dominant influence in its musical life—organizing an orchestra, composing music that brought the flavor of Mexico to other parts of the world, writing vigorously and imaginatively on artistic problems, teaching younger composers and, by his energy and enthusiasm, spreading a conviction in Mexico that the country could be of consequence musically.

\* \* \*

It was only natural that President Aleman should turn to Mr. Chavez for advice and leadership of a new program in the arts. But the ancient superstition that artists are irresponsible, addlepated people will not down, and when Mr. Aleman offered Mr. Chavez the job years ago he seemed to have some such thought in mind. He remarked lightly that a musician was

apt to be an impractical fellow.

A man who writes music, particularly well-written music, Mr. Chavez replied in effect, must be an excellent organizer, a conductor must be a good administrator and the true creative artist must have a capacity for controlling and dominating the forces under his hands.

Mr. Chavez proved his contention in his six years of running the Institute. By all accounts he did a fine job. But he had little time for composition and conducting. Now he hopes to devote himself exclusively to these tasks. In New York, interviewed by the writer, he said that he had at least three commissions for major works, and he is considering a series of engagements as guest conductor with orchestras in the United States and Europe.

What had been accomplished during his six years as director of fine arts in Mexico? Mr. Chavez took some time to answer this question, and he began with a bit of background.

"In Mexico," he said, "the Government is and has always been the only patron of the arts. Having been and being still to a great extent a colonial country, Mexico has no great private money or capital. The Government is the only really rich person in the Republic. And yet, it has so many demands for public works, defense, irrigation, elementary and secondary education, etc., that encouragement of high cul-

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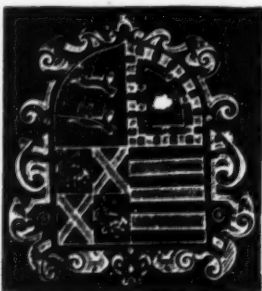
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ture has come last. However, thirty years ago the so-called Mexican Renaissance in painting was due to the fact that a lot of good painters were patronized by the Obregon Government.

\* \* \*

With the establishment of the Institute six years ago, fresh and concentrated activity was unleashed, and this is Mr. Chavez' summary of what was done:

"In music we established the National Symphony Orchestra, long sought for, the musicians having a permanent salary all the year round; chamber concerts were given weekly in long seasons in the Palace of Fine Arts; commissions for writing new works were given to all distinguished composers in the field of opera, ballet and chamber and symphonic music; the Conservatory improved its faculty by inviting distinguished teachers, it established scholarships in great number, it improved its buildings, etc.;

"The Academy of Opera received the necessary means to have yearly seasons, staging classic and modern works together with repertoire works, and the united forces of the drama and dance departments co-operated;

"A great number of the best Mexican concert artists toured the country, with the Institute and state governments cooperating to support this project."

Music, in short, was brought to a large new public which had had little opportunity to know it in previous generations, according to Mr. Chavez.

It is Mr. Chavez' belief that Mexico, like the United States, is an American branch of occidental culture. It has its own characteristics, such as its folk music with its distinctive remnants of old Indian cultures, but essentially it is not different. Mr. Chavez' own music, which was permeated years ago by a feeling of these ancient influences, seems to rely less and less on explicit native reference, though it has not lost its individuality. In its Government program to spread the best of Western culture, his country had gained rather than sacrificed distinctiveness.

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## CONCERTS AT THE BELLAS ARTES

**F**ORMALLY initiating its activities, the new administration of the National Institute of Fine Arts will present at the Palacio de Bellas Artes a series of ten concerts on each consecutive Monday evening, beginning with Monday, the 13th. of this month. The series comprise the following program:

April 13: Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Luis Herrera de la Fuente, performing works by Rossini, Bocherini and Luis Sandi. Ana Isabel de Berlin will appear as cello soloist in Bocherini's concerto.

April 20: String Quartette "Arte" will execute works by Shostakovich, Chausson and Carrasco. The soprano Margarita Gonzalez will also take part in this program with a selection of songs by Fauré and Duparc.

April 27: Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Luis Herrera de la Fuente, will present compositions by Maharak, Mozart, Hindemith and Haydn.

April 4: Allende Quintette, conducted by Anastacio Flores, will present quintettes by Hindemith and Gieseking and a sonata by Pfitzner for a cello and piano, performed by Ana Isabel de Berlin and Miguel Garcia Mora.

May 11: Bredo Quartette will offer Beethoven's quartette Op. 95, and Bocherini's quintette with a piano, Maria Teresa Dauplat performing as soloist.

May 18: Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Luis Herrera de la Fuente, offering Mozart's "Tito" overture, Bach's concerto in Mi major, and the Beethoven's 2nd symphony, with Enrique Serratos as soloist. A new work by Rodolfo Halffter, "Festive Overture," will be given its premiere in this program.

May 25: The soprano Rosa Rimoch will sing works by Nin, Granados and Halffter, and the Quartette "Arte" will render the initial presentation of a new quartette by Luis Sandi, and Mozart's quartette with a flute, with Gildardo Mojica as soloist.

June 1: Performing in trio, Jose Smilovits, Laure

Continued on page 42



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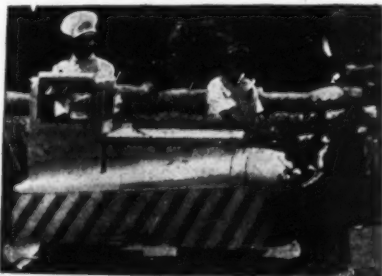
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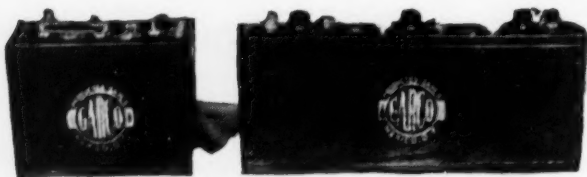
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## Art and Personal Notes

**G**ALERIA Arte Moderno (Calle de Roma No. 21) is presenting at this time a group of paintings in oil, tempera and duco by the young Hindoo artist Satish Gujral, who is studying in Mexico on a scholarship granted jointly by the Pakistan and Mexican governments. This is undoubtedly a well merited scholarship, for the works which comprise the present exhibit clearly reveal an outstanding personality and talent.

Satish Gujral has found in Mexico an ideal training ground, because his personal expression bears a peculiar affinity with the modern Mexican mural expression. It is worthy of note that even before he knew anything about contemporary Mexican art, he sought to express himself in monumental terms and imbued his themes with social significance. This is probably due to the reason that in their fundamental aspects the problems of India and Mexico are somewhat alike.

His paintings, large in dimensions, effectively combine realism with symbolism. They are powerfully constructed and though somber in tone are harmonious in their color combination and are brushed with vigor and certainty.

**A**N exposition of paintings in oil and water color, by the French artist Michel Braidy, is being offered at this time by the French Tourist Office (Pasco de la Reforma No. 1). Landscapes of France, Sweden, Norway, Mexico and the United States, painted in a semi-abstract manner, comprise this interesting exhibit.

**T**HE artist-teacher Grachene Nell Brodt is extending a public invitation to a group exhibit of works by some of her more advanced pupils, given at Calle de Descartes No. 8, Colonia Anzures. Works by the following artists are included in this show: Mildred Holladay, Henrietta Shae, Anne Milhe, Jane Skipsey Falgren, Gertrude Guijarro, Conchita Miranda, Erica Beer, Blanch Cairns, Dr. Dorothy Parker,

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**A**S in former years, the local daily "Excelsior" is sponsoring a collective Spring Festival exposition of paintings, to be offered next month at the Museum of Flora and Fauna in Chapultepec Park.

All painters residing in Mexico, regardless of nationality or individual manner or style, may take part in this exhibition with two works each, either in oil, tempera or water color, and based in theme on floral motives.

The submitted works will be received from the 15th of April, at the offices of the above Museum, where a committee of judges composed of Inés Amor, Margarita Nelken and Margarita T. de Ponce will make the selection.

**S**TILL being exhibited in the Salon Verde of Bellas Artes is the collection of handicrafts from various parts of the United States. The exhibition is sponsored by the Governments of Mexico and the United States, and consists of 200 pieces of pottery, textiles, glass, silver wood, plastic, and leather.

**I**F YOU should be visiting the Tequesquitengo Lake any time during this month it will be decidedly worth your while stop over at the Hotel Hacienda San Jose Vista Hermosa in order to see a most unusual exhibit of original works by Ken Beldin. These include jewelry executed in oxidized, burned and polished metals, and ornamental objects in wood, ceramics, leather and stone.

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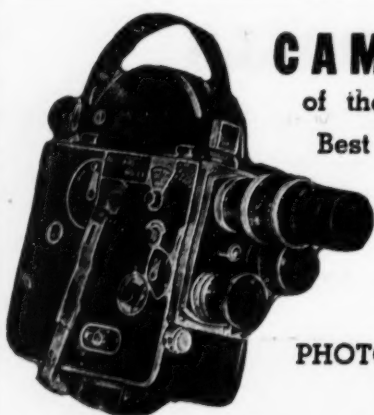
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Continued from page 39

Hartman and Miguel Garcia Mora will interpret works by Haydn, Bloch and Schubert.

June 8: Debussy's sonata-trio will be executed by Judith Flores Alatorre, Ruben Islas and Vicente Sanchez. The tenor Carlos Puig will interpret Argentine songs by Lopez Buchardo. The program will be concluded with Milhaud's compositions for two pianos, "Songes" and "Carnival in New Orleans," performed by José Perez Marquez and Raquel Mints.

June 10: The Madrigalistas Chorus, conducted by Luis Sandi, will conclude the series of concerts, presenting works by Jimenez Mabarak, Bernal Jimenez, Thompson and Villalobos.

### Patterns of an Old City

Continued from page 18

likewise forced to abandon for similar reasons, and presently hired by yet another, he eventually met with a similar fate. Thereon, over a period of years, Ceballos, drifting from one publication to another, became something of a journalistic nomad, an enfant terrible tossed about like a hot potato from post to post. He was a man whose high ability could not be ignored, upon whom publishers were repeatedly willing to take a chance, in the hope that he might finally submit to discipline, tone down and hew to the line, yet ultimately found themselves defrauded.

But Ceballos was not quelled by failure. If anything, it made him more defiant, more determined to impose his will. And, as strange as it may seem, I am inclined to believe that in this intractability he was actually prompted by honest convictions, by some vague ideal of serving truth, by a vital noble purpose, by a fanatical zeal to serve a good cause. He was a firebrand, a denizen of turmoil, a knight-errant

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brandishing his sword, a puny little fellow supporting the whims of a giant, the incensed mind of a Messiah.

And it was probably during this period of futile defiance that he reached a moral crisis, an intrinsic turning point, that he underwent the strange metamorphosis from a deluded honest and respectable failure to a completely dishonest and disreputable success.

\* \* \*

Though I had completely lost trace of him during this interim, I have an idea that he reached the dead end, that he had hit hard bottom, before he got on his feet and commenced his sinister meteoric ascent. He launched out as an independent publisher of a weekly review devoted to militant and iconoclast political comment. Restricting himself at the outset to attacking political issues, presently, perhaps discovering that this could not be avoided, he began to direct his attacks at people behind the issues, at the alleged perpetrators as well as their perpetrations, and thereby also discovered that while such attacks implied considerable danger they could likewise produce a very handsome reward. Subsequently the issues in themselves were only important insofar as they served his mercenary ends. He perceived, furthermore, that his opportunities were almost inexhaustible, for almost any man holding a position of prominence in government, in profession or business was a prospect for profitable exploitation, and that almost any situation, properly appraised and adroitly handled, could be propitious.

It was in this strange metamorphosis that he finally encountered a full though distorted release for his lust for power, and an outlet for his unbridled ambition. Now, the evil genius who could play at will with the fate of others, he was truly his own



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master. He had disdainfully forfeited respect and friendship to command hate and fear; he had forsaken safety and chosen the dangerous life. He had chosen a sordid battlefield, a game of wits where no means were excluded, no holds barred, where every deed justified the end. Subtly cautious beneath a front of apparent daredevil rashness, he mastered a method, acquired a refined technique, worked out a system that came near being foolproof, a process wherein, as in the operation of a roulette game, win or lose, the operator always wins in the end. It was a game of endlessly expanding possibilities, for every direct or covert attack widened the field by providing an example, by arousing fear among others who felt that they too might be attacked, and by rendering them amenable to negotiations. Either one or the other extreme—contumely or panegyric, slander or praise—produced a bountiful cash return.

Every human pursuit can be elevated to the status of an art, and Ceballos in his pursuit of blackmail achieved the stature of a virtuoso. Hated and feared, he was nevertheless admired by his morbidly curious and quite numerous readers, and even by his victims and enemies, for his amazing audacity and fearlessness, for his Machiavellian astuteness and sinister finesse.

Naturally, despite his proficiency, he could not continue his infamous operations indefinitely with total impunity, and there were occasions when he found himself involved in lawsuits, and times when he had to refund some of his loot in form of fines, or when for tactical reasons he had to provisionally suspend publication and bide his time. And there were times when he was arrested, and promptly released on bond, and there was also the occasion when he was laid up in a hospital after a severe beating he suffered one night in front of his house at the hands of several unidentified assailants.

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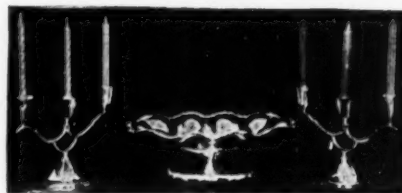


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But all this did not tame him. If anything, it only charged him with greater élan, for at heart, I believe, he still regarded himself as a crusader, a bold avenger, a champion of human rights. In his distorted criterion he worked out a moral code of his own, believing—and he as much as told me so during one of our rare casual encounters—that in exploiting the exploiters, in despoiling the plutocrats, he served the interests of the underdog.

Undismayed by his beating, assuming the role of a martyr, he used it for quite effective self-publicity and as a timely pretext for renewed attacks, for a battlecry in defense of the sacred freedom of press and opinion. It was a case of gross violation, of brute force assailing a primary right, a basic ideal; and though a man had but one life to give in its defense, he was ready to render such sacrifice. Even before the bandages were off his face he composed a rousing public statement which not only filled the front page of his paper but was plastered on walls all over the city.

His bravado and resourcefulness were inexhaustible; his judgement infallible. He knew the exact moment when to lunge and when to withdraw, and when to go into hiding if things became too hot. Breeding fear and hate he built for himself a place of redoubtable power. Friendless and isolated, surrounded only by a few indispensable henchmen—mercenary collaborators of ephemeral loyalty whom he held through coercion—he, I suppose, accepted his solitude as a superior attainment, or as the relatively unimportant penalty implicit in the price of power. Ceballos was a lone wolf roving in a jungle.

\* \* \*

I am reluctant to attach a Delilah angle to the story of his final downfall, for one would prefer to



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think that whatever weakness or vulnerability his ruthless and resolute nature might have concealed, it would not be of a sentimental or romantic sort. Surely, one would hardly believe that a woman could bring him to ultimate ruin. But from what I had gathered at random such indeed had been the case.

For it seems that the curious period of his moral transformation had also entailed a deviation from marital rectitude to profligacy. A psychologist would probably suggest that this transformation in itself defined a rebellion from prolonged repression, the defection of a henpecked husband, that it was the unsatisfactory, the frustrated domestic existence Ceballos had docilely endured for years that finally impelled him to seek escape and retribution in the world at large.

Whichever the case, the perilous existence he had chosen, the grim routine he followed, was apparently relieved by a sportive touch of dalliance. Women provided a comparatively innocuous diversion in the midst of a strenuous and agitated reality, and moreover, his ability, despite his utter lack of physical attraction, to obtain them, to purchase and use them as any staple commodity, I am inclined to believe, further enhanced the enjoyment of his sense of power. And also perhaps, for all their seeming innocuousness, they provided an additional outlet for his craving of danger.

For there was a relative element of safety in this game so long as he played it with many, so long as it was wrought on utter faithlessness, but it became truly dangerous when frivolity gave ground to fealty. Ceballos, it seems, committed the one grave error, or succumbed to the misfortune, of failing in love. Though even that perhaps was inevitable, for if profligacy some times defines a flight from marital frustration, sincere attachment often defines a flight from satiated profligacy.

His wife, who by then had probably likewise reached a point of satiation, found in this turn propitious grounds for obtaining a divorce. And since Ceballos, at the outset of his perilous rise, in order to safeguard his growing possessions had with rather poor foresight assigned everything he owned to his wife's name, by the time she was done with him he was left literally penniless. His mistress, of course, duly walked out on him, and added to this his plight was further aggravated by sundry claims and lawsuits. His enemies, as if taking advantage of his unhappy predicament, had all pounced on him at once; everything had suddenly gone against him. He faced a situation from which flight, or at least a temporary ab-



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gence from the city, seemed to provide the only feasible solution. He had taken a beating, suffered serious reverses, much more serious than any he had ever suffered before; but he would come back to fight again.

So he went away. He abandoned the battlefield; but he did not return soon. And when at the end of several years he did return it was not to resume the fight. By then it was no longer in him. He had grown rusty hibernating in the provinces, and something inside of him had burned out. He was shorn of courage and strength; he could not fully emerge from his hiding. He was a beaten man. He managed to eke out a livelihood scribbling under a variety of pseudonyms for sundry third-rate periodicals; but Ceballos, the master of the venomous verb, the little giant who matched his wits with the high and the mighty, who made a toy and travesty of the Fourth Estate, was dead.

I had this feeling the last time I saw him—the weird feeling of confronting a man who had outlived his own death. It was during the rush-hour in a crowded street that I met him, and we drew aside to exchange a few words. It seemed incredible how a few years could so completely alter a man in appearance. I found myself talking to a little shrivelled, shabbily dressed old man with a forlorn look in his eyes and a halting voice, his chin constantly twitching upward in a nervous tic as if seeking release from a constricting shirt-collar, the cigarette trembling in his twiglike hand. He shrugged enigmatically when I asked him how he was getting along, and told me that he had a project for a newspaper, that he would launch it as soon as he could raise the necessary funds.

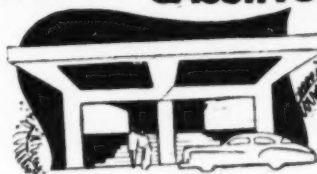
But the project fell through, for not long after our last encounter he was actually dead. The brief necrological item I read in the paper—a bland and magnanimous gesture of posthumous clemency—attributed his end to a cerebral hemorrhage. But that brain of his, that inspired overworked brain, that amazing brain of his that always somehow seemed topheavy, seemed much too big for his puny body, had been dead long before it was finally extinguished by the tear of a blood-vessel.

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**Un Poco de todo**

Continued from page 37

is nearly 3 per cent. Should that rate persist, the population of Ceylon will double in no more than twenty-five years; the population density will be 600 per square mile.

The average world rate of increase is today about 1 per cent a year—the highest in history. Cook likens the rate of increase to compound interest. An increase rate of 1 per cent will double the population of the earth in about seventy years. In terms of people, this 1 per cent means that the net gain each year amounts to about 25,000,000 people, or 68,000 additional mouths to feed each twenty-four hours. Should the rate for the entire world increase to that of Ceylon—almost 3 per cent—the world's 2.4 billion people would become 4.8 billion before 1980 and over 9 billion shortly after the year 2000.

Over half of the people of the earth have a very low level of living in terms of food, clothing and housing. To achieve any improvement, economic production must increase more rapidly than the population. At present population is winning the race.

**Strange Daughter**

Continued from page 23

as Dresden china, and they kissed each other and Isabelle said, "Mummy darling," and Lorraine said, "My baby," and people were entranced. There were always people to be entranced. But none of them could have been friends or they would have warned her; they would have screamed at her, beaten her.

Isabelle had to go to school, no matter how frightened her mother was of germs or kidnappers. But Isabelle was asked to leave school after school. The women who ran those schools were hostile or evasive when Lorraine came for the farewell interview. Until Miss Harris—and perhaps Miss Harris, whom Lorraine had seen when she took Isabelle to school the first day and when she took Isabelle home the last day,



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was a friend. Looking at Miss Harris, Lorraine suddenly understood that it was a fine thing to have a face which was not beautiful or young; an earned face, which wore the good marks of life. Miss Harris said, "I am sorry we cannot keep your child. But she is a destructive human being; she spreads unhappiness. This is not a school for 'difficult children,' as they say, and your child harms the others. Of course she harms herself first and most, but I am unable to help her, so I must save the others. I think you are the only one who can help her. Seeing you, I know you are not a cruel woman; I do not know why the child has become so cruel. But, my dear, perhaps you have been a careless woman."

Lorraine sat in the silver, gray and azure drawing room of the false chateau and felt the world to be a marble jungle, a desert with swimming pools, and she alone in it with this terrifying, terrible child, whom she had made, for whom she was entirely responsible. There was nothing but chaos and fear in her mind, and her one instinct was to hide. They must run away, far away from everything they knew.

Mexico was the obvious choice; it was strange and new and reminded Lorraine of nothing; it was easy to reach. They were on a plane, with only three trunks sent by air freight, and no maid, four days after Lorraine had listened to Miss Harris. Isabelle protested the lack of luggage; she did not see how she was expected to manage with a trunk and a half. Beyond that, Isabelle had no interest in Mexico.

I am thirty-three years old, Lorraine Landon thought, and I look twenty-seven at the most. I have had everything women are supposed to want. If there was such a thing as glamour, she had been drowned in it—the dazzled men, the marvelous cities, the furs, the cars, the jewels. I feel old and beaten, Lorraine thought. I want to creep into that pink house and look at the mountains. There is nothing I can do but stay with her. I failed too badly, too long ago. And what sort of life will Isabelle have? It was unbearable to think of, snake-cold and dead; not a life at all, but a blind service to herself and her beauty. I'd better get up, Lorraine thought, and we will have lunch.

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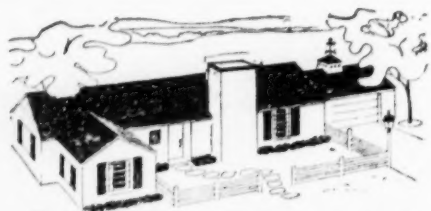
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Isabelle would eat carefully, chewing carefully; she knew everything about vitamins, proteins, starches and their necessary balance. Muscle, skin, teeth, hair, weight, you could feel Isabelle thinking as she chewed. And they would not speak a word, because they had nothing to say.

For a week the house seemed to sleep. The Indians moved quietly, as always, and talked to one another in their rustling voices; they had never seen anything like this woman and this child. There was no laughter, no love. Perhaps the child had been born on a bad day, and God had given her beauty, but taken away her soul. The Indians felt that there was sickness in the house, and it made them uneasy. And then, one morning, Antonio, aged eighteen months, strayed from the kitchen garden where he had his being, and tottered around to the front lawn and saw Isabelle, golden and almost naked, drowsing in the sun.

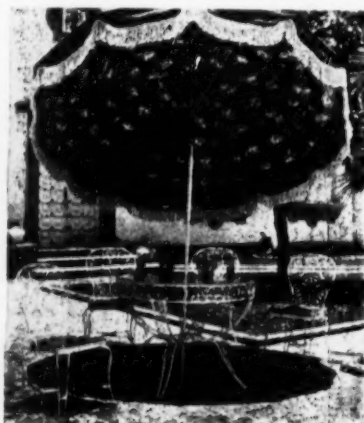
Neither Lorraine nor Isabelle had realized there was a baby in the servants' quarters. Antonio did not cry; he talked to himself and his parents in gurgling murmurs, no louder than the sound of leaves. He laughed a good deal, wonderful silent laughter, sometimes ending in a tiny delighted bleat. He was altogether tiny and had an old comical face, like a monkey who thinks well of everyone. He was certainly not beautiful.

Antonio evidently thought well of Isabelle. Suddenly she felt a small hand patting her arm. She sat up, surprised, and saw a child who was too small to be real—a child to find under a leaf, like in the stories—sitting cross-legged beside her, patting and smiling. Antonio gurgled some private conversation. He crawled nearer and patted Isabelle's face. He was thrilled to have found a new friend. Something happened to Isabelle, instantly and inexplicably; she took the little brown hand and kissed it. Antonio laughed silently. Isabelle laughed out loud. She could not imagine where this brown creature, with his close black hair and bright black monkey eyes had come from. Antonio clambered on to her lap, looking at her with trust and love. Isabelle hugged him. Antonio laughed again, rocking with silent glee.

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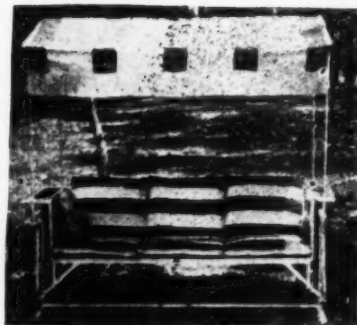
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Then Filomena appeared around the corner of the house with a frightened face. She feared the swimming pool. She began to talk loudly in Spanish, apologizing for the child's intrusion, but also warning of the dangerous deep water. Isabelle, who did not understand Spanish, understood.

"I'll carry him," she said. Filomena, who had no English, also understood.

Isabelle picked up the tiny child as if she had been carrying babies all her life, and Antonio put his warm arms around her neck. In the kitchen garden, Antonio would not let go of her hand; he had plans of his own. He led her to a corner of the servants' house in the shade of a laurel tree, and showed her his worldly possessions: a paper shoe box with a string tied to it, a small pile of pebbles, an old tennis ball. One by one, he collected these riches and gave them to Isabelle. For the first time in her life she had the suffocating feeling of joy that comes from receiving the gifts of someone who loves you. They sat down under the tree and played with these marvelous toys. They talked a mysterious bird talk together, and Antonio would throw back his large, absurd, aged head and shake with laughter, and Isabelle shook with giggles to see him.

At lunchtime Isabelle rushed onto the terrace with dirt on her knees and grubby hands and uncombed hair. Lorraine was so busy trying to will or blink the tears from her eyes that she hardly understood what her child was saying. "A baby—a tiny little boy! I want to buy him toys and little pants! And do you think he is too little for me to teach him to swim? Couldn't we get a swing for him, and maybe he'd like a little dog! Filomena says I can look after him!"

Lorraine, pretending to eat normally, thanked God who had surely engineered this miracle. For at last there was another human being in Isabelle's world; at last Isabelle was thinking of someone else. With astonishing intelligence, Lorraine stayed away from the baby and from the kitchen garden; this was Isabelle's kingdom and discovery.

Isabelle gave a great many orders and wrote out neat shopping lists for her mother; she herself did not want to leave the house and Antonio. She said that possibly, if she were not there, Antonio would fall into the pool. She did not share this love and joy with her mother, but used her mother as purchasing agent for the presents she showered on Antonio.

Lorraine accepted her role humbly. It would be too greedy to expect the child to love her and to take her into this magic circle of tenderness. Humbly, still, she spied on Isabelle and Antonio.

suntan oil on the grass, and he scolded, and start to She watched Antonio empty Isabelle's precious wrinkle his monkey face in sadness and dismay, and



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saw Isabelle seize him in her arms to comfort him and to say that it did not matter, he could spill any bottles he liked. She watched Antonio tear up, with earnest pleasure, Isabelle's magazines, proudly displaying his destruction, and he scolded again, and again he forgiven and petted and loved. Isabelle announced casually that she knew how to change diapers, and blushed with pleasure when her mother congratulated her. Isabelle also spent hours in the kitchen; she was learning how to cook for Antonio, not for her mother. She was only concerned for Antonio.

Then Juana appeared, and it seemed like Miracle Number Two, to Lorraine. Juana was eleven years old and Lucrécia's younger sister. The servants did not explain her arrival or ask permission for her to stay; Juana simply moved in. She had long black pig-tails and a flat, homely, cheerful face, and black eyes behind which she lived in complete privacy. Juana became Isabelle's gang at once.

Isabelle developed a wide natural streak of bossiness; she wished to teach Juana to swim, and Juana had to learn, whether she liked cold water or not. She wished to dress Juana, and there were more shopping lists. Lorraine suggested timidly—perhaps she was hurrying events—that Juana could wear Isabelle's own clothes, as they were almost of a size.

"I never thought of that," Isabelle said. "Mine are much nicer than anything you can buy here."

Juana did not like these dresses; they were too good, and her sister nagged her to be careful of them and to keep them clean. Juana had all the reasonable male instincts of an eleven-year-old girl; what she really wanted was to ride a bicycle. But Isabelle was boss, and Juana, being Indian, had patience.

By Isabelle's standards, Juana had a lot to learn; she had never even seen a movie. As soon as Isabelle discovered this astounding fact, she went to her mother and explained. "Really," she said, "isn't it amazing? Juana doesn't know anything. She said she'd rather go fishing. I have to look after her; I don't know what she'll grow up into. A boy, probably."

Lorraine, carefully serious, said, "You're quite right, darling. We could take her to town this afternoon."



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"Oh, we thought Lucrezia could go with us," Isabelle said. It seemed Isabelle liked only Indians. Lorraine smiled very brightly, feeling her face crack a little with the smile, and said, "Fine," and produced the money, which was all she was needed for.

Then, slowly, Juana got her way. She began by taking Isabelle with her when she walked down the lane to a store on the highway. Juana knew a boy who also shopped at that store and owned a bicycle, and one day the two girls came home with scratched knees and elbows, after a dangerous but spell-binding bicycle ride on the highway. Isabelle had never wanted a bicycle; Isabelle had never wanted to take any chances with her adored and lovely body. She not only demanded a bicycle but also stated that she ought to have blue jeans, you could not ride a bike in skirts. For herself and Juana, too, please.

Lorraine, who ruefully regarded herself as a shopping service, went into town to buy what was requested. But she had never bought anything with more pleasure. Isabelle's bruises and scratches delighted her, the increasingly dirty fingernails filled her with joy. Isabelle, in blue jeans and her hair tied back from her face with a shoestring, was the most bewitching Isabelle she had ever seen. And if the Indians were doing her job for her and making her child into a child, and reaping the rewards—the laughter, the gaiety, the kindness, the affection—she must still thank God and regret nothing, and try not to hunger for a place in this new life.

The house seemed divided by an invisible wall. In the kitchen yard, Antonio and Juana and Isabelle lived in a whirlwind of occupation. Juan was teaching Isabelle the art of tree climbing; they had become, apparently, a family of parrots and spent a great deal of time chattering to each other from the branches of the laurel tree. Isabelle had picked up enough Spanish for her needs, judging by the amount of conversation that could be heard. Lucrezia sang at her work and Isabelle imitated the songs; Juana preferred whistling and practiced by the hour. Antonio gurgled, tumbled, patted, laughed, played with his toys and was used as a toy by the two little girls. Filomena cooked, scolded, laughed. Diego carried his son on his shoulders as he worked in the garden, and allowed the girls to rake and burn leaves or push the lawn mower. Everyone was busy except Lorraine. Everyone treated Lorraine with grave courtesy, and became quiet in her presence. She handed out money. There were a lot of people in the house, after all—three grownups and three children—but she felt herself alone, wherever she was, in an echoing cave.



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She could find other foreigners in Tetela and presumably have a life of her own, invite people for cocktails, go out to dinner, play canasta, swim in other charming garden pools. But she knew this would be wrong. She must wait; she must give Isabelle this time. Nothing must be changed while Isabelle changed before her eyes. It would be easier if she had someone to talk to, someone who would care as she cared, who would wait with her—someone like Isabelle's father. Juana, in her silent way, had triumphed entirely. All Isabelle's ideas originated behind Juana's black, unrevealing eyes. It was Juana who invented the picnic.

"We want to take our lunch and go over there," Isabelle said one morning, pointing across the garden to the green, pleated, empty land. "Juana says there's a secret river and we can fish in it. We climb down the barranca at the end of the street. It's not steep at all; I've looked at it. And then we walk over there until we find the river."

"Darling, I don't think I can let you, not alone. Someone will have to go with you."

"That will spoil everything," Isabelle said. "You can watch us from here. I don't see why not. I don't see why I always have to have someone with me, like a baby. Juana came all the way from Patzcuaro alone on the bus, and she's younger than I am."

Lorraine consulted with Filomena; Filomena said the people around here were kind, no one ever harmed children. It was not very far, and Juana was used to going about by herself. Suddenly Lorraine remembered herself at twelve, and how free she had been, and how widely she had roamed the dusty plain of Texas. The memory was sweet to her, and she thought her child must have such memories too.

"Tell Filomena what you want to eat," she said, and Isabelle smiled at her almost as if she were a friend.

Lorraine watched the two little figures in trousers, the golden head and the black one, trudging across the far fields. Then a fold in the land hid them, and she was afraid, and gave herself a talking-to about this stupid fear. A normal life did not mean being shut in behind walls; there had been enough protection,

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enough watchful governesses, and all that was forever finished. Nothing would happen; they would have a picnic, like two ordinary little girls, and come feeling like Columbus. She must not sit on this terrace in a fidget, staring and staring. But it would have been nice, Lorraine told herself, if someone had been here to watch them with me. She's getting to look so like Bill, Lorraine thought; her eyes are beginning to be happy, like his.

Lorraine was asleep after lunch when Filomena's voice waked her; Filomena had cried out in alarm at the gate, and Lorraine was pulling on slacks and shirt and hurrying down the hall before she knew what the voice had said or why she was afraid. Juana stood by the front door alone, blanched with fear. Filomena shouted something, and suddenly Diego was running past them, down the road in the direction the children had taken earlier. Lucrezia called upon God to help them, and shook Juana, who burst into tears. Filomena now ran down the garden and shouted over the wall to Pedro, the next-door gardener. Lorraine could not follow all this fast hysterical Spanish.

"Me voy!" said Pedro's voice across the wall. He seemed to be running too.

"Filomena, tell me," Lorraine ordered. "What has happened?"

"Isabelle fell down the barranca by the river. Diego and Pedro will get her. Pedro took a rope."

The barranca, Lorraine thought in horror, as she raced down the lane; one of those steep gorges that split the land—sharp rocks, growing bushes and stunted trees, with a river at the bottom. She could see Pedro ahead of her, and she ran and stumbled after him.

The children had not gone far—scarcely out of sight of the house. But when Lorraine reached the side of the gorge, Diego was at the top, looking down, apparently thinking what to do. Twenty feet below them, Isabelle lay on a ledge of rock, with her right leg bent strangely under her. Her eyes were closed and her face was paper white.

"Not dead?" Diego said in a terrified voice.

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Lorraine did not answer. She began to slide down the side of the gorge, tearing her clothes and her skin, holding herself by the bushes, trying to find foothold in the rock or against the tree roots that grew from the rock.

"Señora" Diego shouted. "You will fall too!"

Lorraine moved as carefully as she could; she would not fall; she must reach Isabelle safely. Then she was beside the child, crouched on the shelf of rock, holding the child's head in her lap.

Isabelle's eyes opened. "Mummy, I am so scared," she whispered.

"I know, darling. But it's all right now. We'll get you home. You be a brave girl for a while, and then we'll be home and everything will be all right."

"Mummy. I knew you'd come."

She knew that, Lorraine thought; she does trust me, she does need me.

Lorraine called to Diego to let down the rope. From some forgotten knowledge of childhood, she knew how to tie the knot, passing the rope under Isabelle's arms. Then she told Diego to pull Isabelle up slowly, carefully, and somehow, she never knew how, she managed to climb beside Isabelle, keeping the child's body from banging against the rocks. Her breath was coming in short gasps, but all she heard was Isabelle, groaning and crying as the broken leg scraped against the bushes of the cliff side. It seemed to Lorraine that this journey lasted forever; she lay down on the grass at the top of the ravine, too winded to speak and trembling from fear. The two men took over competently. They lifted Isabelle onto a serape, that square blanket coat the Indians wear, and carried her gently, as if the serape were a stretcher. Lorraine walked beside Isabelle, holding her hand. From time to time Isabelle cried out with pain.

Suddenly she said, in a little, awed voice, "You saved my life, mummy."

"Oh, darling, of course not. We just had wonderful good luck."

"You did, you did. Like explorers," Isabelle said, and she seemed to have forgotten her leg. All the storybooks, the dream adventures of childhood, had come true. "Just us two, explorers, lost on a mountain," Isabelle murmured, and clung to her mother's hand.

"Yes," Lorraine said, glad of this distracting daydream and suddenly feeling herself very strong, very comforted—that hand in hers and that confiding voice were what she had longed for.

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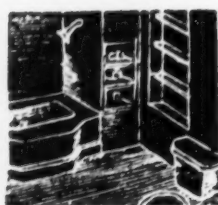
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"Mummy, will I ever walk again?"

"Certainly! It's only a broken leg; it will be well in a few weeks."

"Then we'll go exploring again," Isabelle said.

"I love you, mummy. I'll save your life too."

"I know you will," Lorraine said, and meant it.

Filomena had shown great presence of mind and telephoned the doctor. They had only time to lay Isabelle on her bed before Doctor Grosbeck arrived, a small, round, unexcited man who explained to Isabelle that he was going to give her morphine, and the needle would hurt a little, but after that nothing would hurt at all.

"Don't leave me, mummy," Isabelle whimpered.

"No, darling, never."

The morphine had taken effect, and Doctor Grosbeck had set the leg and the child was sleeping easily. In a comfortable German whisper, Doctor Grosbeck assured Lorraine that a nice clean break was nothing.

"That is how children are," he said. "If they do not fall from a tree, they fall from a window. If they do not swallow a safety pin, they upset boiling water. It is not to worry. See how many people survive from being children."

"I'm so happy," Lorraine said. "I didn't know I could be so happy."

Doctor Grosbeck cleaned Lorraine's cuts and scratches, and advised rest. The poor rich American lady had become a little irrational after this shock.

Lorraine sat by the bed, watching Isabelle sleep. We are together, she thought; we will always be together now. We are as safe as Filomena and Antonio; there is nothing to fear. I have a daughter, she thought exultantly. And then thought, We have a daughter.

She must find Bill he had a right to this wonderful child. She had no trace of Bill, except the town in

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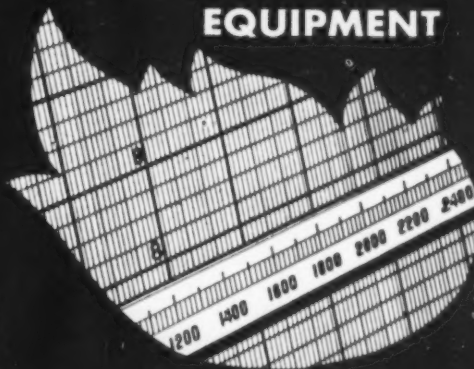
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Texas where his parents lived. So long ago—so hopelessly long ago. She might as well go out on the terrace and shout his name to the mountains. No, someone would have stayed, someone would remember; somehow she would find Bill again and say, "You've got a child at last; I am sorry it took me so long to give you your daughter."

Lorraine walked quietly to the desk and lit the small lamp. She addressed an envelope to Mr. William Dumbrowski, Berry, Texas. "Dear Bill," she wrote, "I have been thinking of you—" and turned to smile at the sleeping child, who would grow up with loved, remembered, happy eyes.

### Petates

Continued from page 20

She belched reminiscently.

"I took the little ones to a roundabout, and there we saw three peons from El Capulín, very far taken in drink, who were speaking to all the women with such disrespect as children ought not to hear. And indeed among those of up there in Cajititlán it was a most foolish thing to do. They spoke to me too, but I went away at once and pulled little Jesús and María up into a tree to sleep." She paused to swat a fly with her duster and added with a little sigh. "And the peons were too drunk to climb up after me—or much else."

"How long did they keep you treed, Lola?" I asked.

"Pues, I slept all night, though they told me next day that there had been many bothers and disgusts—even shooting. I woke up early in the morning, before the sun, but still they danced and the music played down in the plaza. Imagine to yourself though, señor, how strange it was to me to see those, three peons dancing up there in the tree beside me. At first I thought it was the tequila I'd taken, but I soon saw it was only the morning breeze, for there they were, all three of them, hanged by their necks from the branches round about me with their tongues sticking out and their faces as purple as plums."

### A Cake and Departure

Continued from page 27

big slice of it when he comes in. Be careful. Don't slip on the pavement."

I turned to the officer of the day. "Josefat Mendes is out late," I said, casually.

"Sí, señor."



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"He seems very young. I hope he hasn't got into trouble."

"Quien sabe?" The man smiled philosophically. "He's a soldier now."

As we returned to the car we felt better since we had left half the cake in the barracks. The rain had stopped, and almost immediately the stars were out, fitfully illuminating the city's silhouettes. Here and there twin towers rose against the background of night sky like double exclamation marks punctuating the municipal plan. Always two towers to a church in Mexico, as if to keep each company in this unholy world, like nuns who must not go singly, but ever in pairs.

It had been most pleasant to be companioned for some days with this Mexican army officer, and most revealing. Through Captain Esperón I had a feeling of his country that I might never have got otherwise. We had accepted each other at face value, and he had spoken without reserve. It was not just his knowledgeable comments and his sense of humor that made him such a good companion. Without his kindness of heart and his innate good manners, his other qualities would have counted for so much less.

And what better attributes could a man of any nationality possess than consideration and kindness of heart? I was thinking as I dropped off to sleep the last night I was to spend in the private car. In my half-waking state the problems of Mexico seemed to rise from the valleys or stand out on the sierras like mammoth question marks. So much had already been done. So much was still to do. Many things would doubtless be done the wrong or the wasteful way. But Mexico had a great hope of progress now—and there was really no febrile hurry. In a land so varied and so alien even to segments of itself, there could be few pat answers. As Esperón misquoted, "In life there are no conclusions, only private dirges and occasionally Te Deums."

### Colonial Painters and Sculptors

Continued from page 17

first Mexican sculptor to make a thorough study of anatomy, a study which was rewarded in the beauty of faces and figures, the natural poses, and the truthful arrangement of drapery which characterize his work. Zacarías de Cora was especially famed for his knowledge of anatomy, a knowledge, however, which leaned more toward properly bulging muscles and veins than toward the more subtle applications of correct proportions. José Villegas, on the other hand, was noted for the fine proportions of his figures, and he excelled especially in the handling of drapery, two qualities which are evident in the lifesize statue of Santa Teresa in the church of the same name in Puebla. He was not as good in facial expressions.

There are several examples of the work of the maestro grande in the Church of San Cristóbal in



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Puebla, including a giant figure of San Cristóbal with the child Jesús, the Virgin of the High Altar, and a Virgin of Lourdes, although the San Cristóbal has also been attributed to Zacarías de Cora.

A story is told of José Villegas de Cora that shows the high regard in which the work of the maestro grande was held. It seems that the Bishop of Puebla, Don Antonio Joaquín Pérez, had been in Spain as a deputy to the Cortes and, on his return, brought back with him a beautiful wood carving of the infant Jesus. He summoned José Villegas de Cora, to show him his precious acquisition, and jokingly suggested to the artist that he ought to learn how to make sculptures like that. The artist made no reply, but taking the image from the hand of the bishop, he split its head open and took from the inside a neatly folded bit of paper. On it was inscribed the name: "José Villegas de Cora."

With the death of the masters, the school seems to have died out, making no permanent impression on the work in sculpture in Puebla.

\* \* \*

Working at about the same time, in the city of Querétaro, was another group of sculptors, especially proficient in sculpture in wood. Wood carving in general had reached a high degree of excellence in many parts of Mexico during the eighteenth century; and in the carving of furniture and in inlaid and pieced work, Querétaro, especially, had, since the middle of the century, become a center of artistic activity. This artistic activity reached its climax in wood-carved polychrome sculpture. The material used is zumpante, a wood almost as light as cork and easily carved. After carving, the surface is coated with plaster

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of Paris and then painted and gilded. The drapery of a figure was often entirely covered with gold leaf on which were painted brocade designs.

Most noted of the Querétaro sculptors were Mariano Perusquia and Mariano Arce; and the trio of Marianos was made complete by their talented pupil Mariano Montenegro. So, just as Puebla had its school of "the three Coras," Querétaro had its school of "the three Marianos." But while the school of "the three Coras" died out, that of "the three Marianos" had a lasting effect, and Querétaro continued to be a center of artistic activity in sculpture in wood.

The work of Perusquia is fine and painstaking, that of Arce more virile and bold. The former is famous for his Crucifix in the choir of the Church of Santa Clara in his native city; the Purísima of San Felipe; and the Virgen del Socorro (Virgin of Help) of San Agustín, a figure notable for the maternal love and tenderness shown toward the child Jesus. Arce's finest work is probably La Piedad of Santa Clara, a group which shows a masterly handling of draperies and a striking contrast of grief on the part of the Virgin Mother and peaceful repose in the figure of the dead Saviour. Arce also did the Mater dolorosa of San Felipe and the Santiago of the cathedral.

It is related that when Arce had been commissioned to do the statue of Santiago, patron saint of Querétaro, the city council assembled to receive the work with great solemnity. The artist, awed by the elaborate ceremony made of the occasion, forthwith destroyed his work, declaring that he would carve a statue worthy of the honor bestowed upon him. The result is the statue now so venerated in the cathedral.

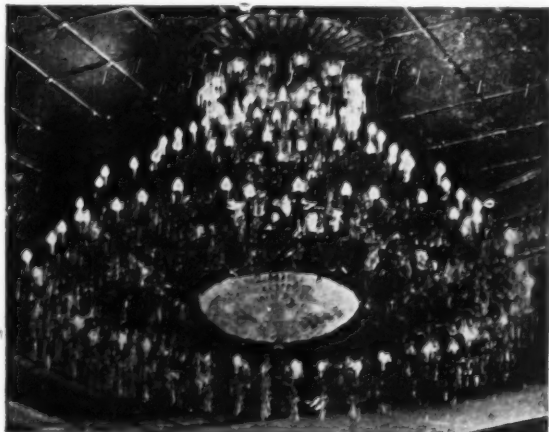
#### ZIHUATANEJO

Continued from page 14

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The people also raise lots of bananas, papayas, lemons and other tropical fruits, but do not bother to ship them. Vegetables all have to be trucked in from Acapulco, however. The way McDonald looks

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at it is that "the folks are just too happy and lazy here to turn the ground and plant the seeds."

With reading and swimming and walking and the social gatherings in the evening, life went by uneventfully like a dream in Zihuatanejo. Mornings, many of the men and boys would fish from the end of the pier. Some used hand lines or rod and reel. Others used a fine net about twelve feet in diameter with small leaden weights around the periphery and a line to the center. They spun and threw this net which sank like an open parachute through the clear water. When they pulled in on the line gently, the net would close in the water and trap the small fish.

Some of the boys cast their slender spears and the pier held growing piles of long, slender-jawed Agujas, the gray-green Urels for making seviche, a delicious raw fish cocktail, and soles and flounders and large anchovies.

Sometimes I varied the business of eating by going to another hotel owned by Manuel Alek, an Arab, who specialized in dinners of shell fish, fresh caught in the bay.

Welcoming the chance to take in Uruapan on the return to work, I traded in my bus ticket for a plane trip to Uruapan on the small Boeing that lands here three times a week.

On my last morning, I started to walk back through the town from the hotel toward the primitive airport nearby. A tall, grave, shirtless man stopped his oxcart, greeted me, lifted in my luggage and motioned me aboard. He goaded the oxen and we eeked slowly to the edge of the landing field.

Again, he jumped down, unloaded my baggage, touched his sombrero in a dignified salute and turned away. He seemed puzzled when I stopped him and offered him a peso for his trouble. The vice of tipping has not yet come to this paradise.

From the oxcart, I stepped into the plane which was waiting with idling motors. We bumped down the field, slid over the tall palms at the end and circled Zihuatanejo. It was an azure figure eight in a green sea of coconuts.

## CLEANSERS

Continued from page 10

The Temple looked like a schoolroom, but it was immaculate. The walls were white, the benches blue, the floor was of red stone tiles. A gauze curtain was drawn aside to reveal a wooden stage. In the center of the shrine stood a satin standard embroidered in silver, "Door of Salvation." Tall white candles burned before it. Flowers were heaped around it. The

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clean simplicity radiated a feeling of purity and peace.

As the Keeper of the Temple led prayers and hymns, the Medium began to sway in his chair, drawing in his breath now and then with a sharp hissing sound that made my scalp prickle. He rose. With head thrown back and eyes closed in ecstacy, with arms outstretched and body swaying, he spoke—or rather, the "spirits" spoke through him. For fully half an hour the words poured from him, exhortations to live the Truth, to keep to the Path of Light.

In the middle of it I felt a hand on my ankle. So strong was the spell that for one bad second I thought the spirits had marked me out. But it was only a woman who had crawled down the aisle to tell me that my legs were crossed and this was not proper.

When the Medium paused, The Fundamental Stone arose with prompting questions. Again the spirits spoke, warning members of the congregation that they were in danger of straying from The Path. Two told of their dreams, which the Medium interpreted. "What fortune is yours! It has been given unto you to see none other than Peter at the gates of heaven—Peter, The Stone of the Faith." And to the other, "That humble shepherd was yourself, seeking The Truth among the black sheep of sin."

After an hour The Fundamental Stone muttered a phrase and the Medium came to, worn and shaking. He laved his hands and hair with the perfumed liquid.

We all backed out of the Temple, bowing. At the door we were given a glass of water from a jar that had been standing beside the Medium and was now supposed to be radiated with holy balsam. Everyone left a few centavos on the plate.

The Fundamental Stone postponed his lunch to explain the creed to me. "There is no mystery," he said. "We will teach you, if you wish, to remove the veil from your eyes and see the spirits, like ourselves."

\* \* \*

He became brisk, businesslike. "All who die are kept from the place where God awaits them by the dross or matter they take with them. This is sin or contamination by unclean spirits. To remove the matter they must seek Light. It is that which passes through the Medium and permits him to communicate with the spirits. The believers come here to be cleansed of matter and to receive Light through the Medium and through their own faith."

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If you are sick, he said, the Brothers call upon spirit doctors for diagnosis and treatment; their medicine is made of herbs. If you are very poor, they give you food and shelter as well as treatment.

I asked whether all the Brothers worked in ordinary jobs. "We are not spirits ourselves," Isaac Marín smiled. "We must live, although our real work is here. López, as you know, is a bricklayer. Sandoval has just come, and he is looking for a job. Only the Keeper of the Temple must always be here. As for myself, I am a politico."

He said he had received permission from the spirits to become active in the presidential campaign. Perhaps he had not asked which candidate to back, for his man subsequently lost the election.

When I inquired whether we could take photographs, The Fundamental Stone said he must first ask the spirits.

He was vague about his organization, but it appears that there are about ten competing spiritualist temples in Mexico City, each with branches in various parts of the country. Brothers and Sisters are trained in the capital and sent out to staff the branches.

The Mexican folk have superstitious dread of magic-makers who speak to powers outside of the church. Spiritualists therefore do not have a large following, but their congregations are steady and loyal. Going through the ritual of cleansing once or twice a day, and being singled out for communication with the spirits through the Medium, they feel themselves elect. Nor do they consider themselves disloyal to the Catholic Church. Is there not a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe in the Temple?

A woman with a baby at her breast told me that her sister had been cured of a terrible unknown malady when all doctors and medicine men had failed.

"That is enough for me. I have faith, and when I die I shall already be purified."

"Anyway," she said, "it is so clean in the Temple."

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